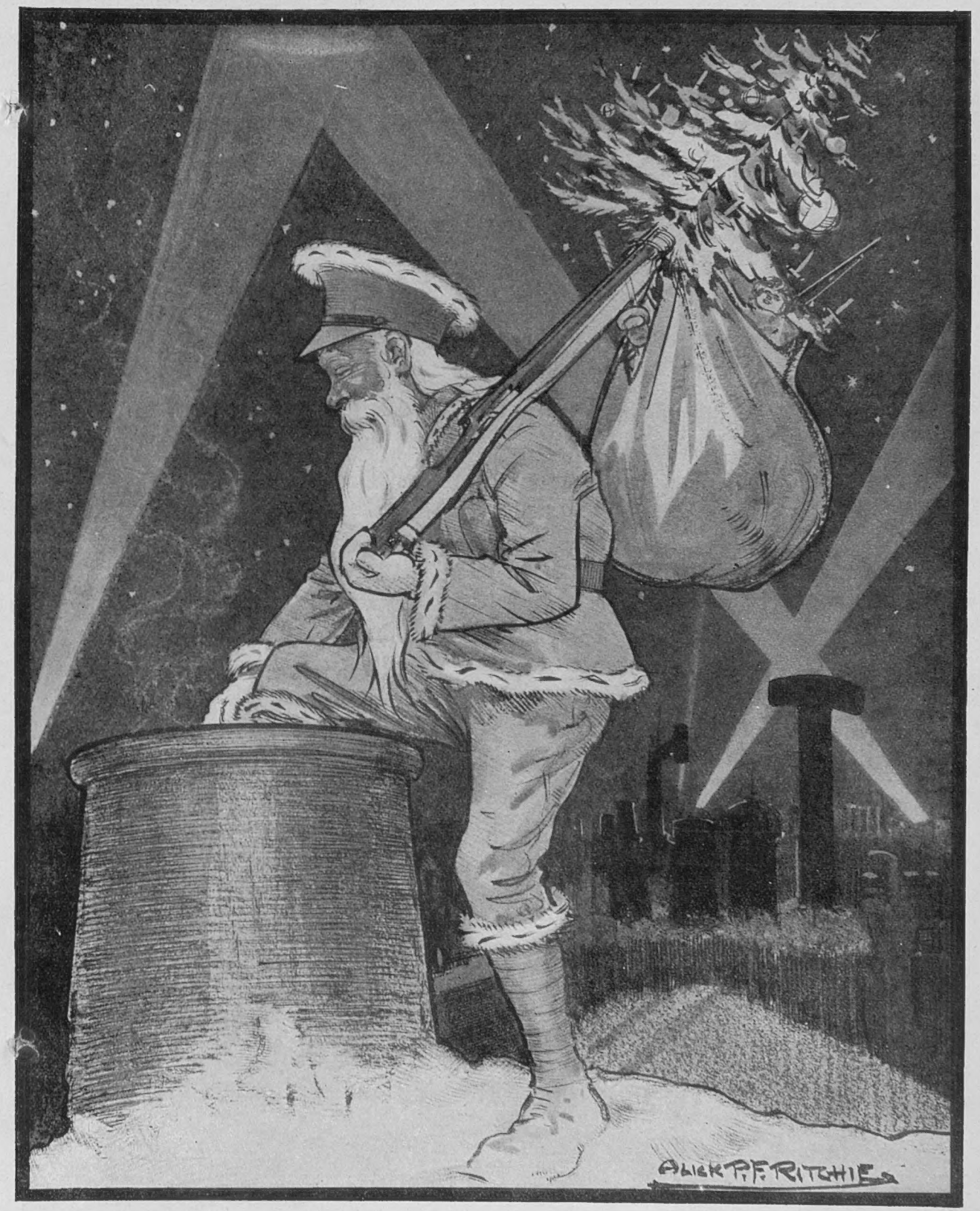
The Bystander, November 24, 1915.—No. 625. Vol. XLVIII

The BYSTANDER



SANTA CLAUS—1915

Father of all the Families, and laden with responsibilities—yet ready for Service when his Class is Called to the Colours

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THE EDITOR'S APOLOGY

Our Twenty-Two

THIS number, though on a big scale, is not quite what we hoped and fully expected it was going to be, in view of the immense amount of trouble the Twenty-Two elderly gentlemen (most of them lawyers) who compose the staff have taken over it. It is perfectly true we knew some time last April that a big journalistic push was expected of us for this winter, and that our rival papers had made all their arrangements long ago to be out on the bookstalls by the appointed date : also that we gave the most solemn pledge to everybody we knew that the pages of the Christmas BYSTANDER would be numbered in thousands. We now beg to state most emphatically that we gave *no such pledge*. We were thinking of something altogether different. . . .

***

Differences

Any delays that have taken place are only what ought to be expected by reasonable men. Having Twenty-Two members of a staff, each one of them entertaining a different opinion as to what a Christmas Number ought to be in war-time, we have been at a disadvantage as compared with rivals who, in their brutal, barbaric, and uncivilised fashion, put up with one-man rule. This means that, while their plans for printing were in full working order by the middle of the summer, ours were still in a state of suspense.

***

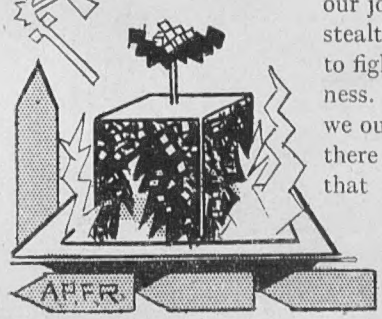
Committees

The various Committees we appointed to sit on the production only sent in their reports a few days before we were forced to get on to the machines. There was the Art Committee ; the Literary Committee ; the Photographic Committee ; the Short Story Committee ; the Skit Committee ; the Colour Printing Committee ; the Ink Committee ; the Binding and Stitching Committee ; and several others, and they wanted plenty of time, with the inevitable result that things got hung up a bit.

***

What Kind of Joke?

These Committees, being composed exclusively of experts, it was not to be expected that they would all agree on the ways and means of achieving success. There were those who thought that as essentially a joke-Power, THE BYSTANDER ought to confine its Christmas efforts to blowing the reader sky high with mirth. Others contended that we ought to conserve our joke-power—that great slim, stealthy, mysterious force—and to fight with weapons of seriousness. Others maintained that we ought to employ both. Then there were those who contended that we were using the wrong kind of joke, that shrapnel humour (nice, quiet, sedative sort of stuff) was of no use in the present fortified, entrenched, and barbed state of the public mind, and that the type of joke used ought to be of a high explosive character. It was said we were entirely short of high explosive jokes. It is perfectly true that we were : on the other hand, we were not. The fact is we were neither, either, or both, as the case may be.



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Compromise

Other Committees had differences of other kinds, some of them thinking that we ought not to make the " big push " at all, but rather to let the enemy exhaust his energies by having the field entirely to himself. Accustomed to compromise, we decided, after waiting for six months to see, to make a moderate push, and here we are in the trenches.

***

Trouble with Our Greek Contributor—

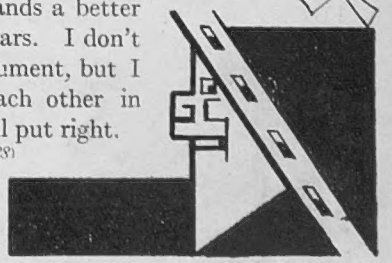
We had our difficulties and disappointments, of course. For instance, we had a solemn agreement with a Greek contributor (who owes his existence to us, we having saved his life on several occasions, started him in business, and lent him quite a lot of money). Well, when he heard that we were in difficulties, and that a rival journal was trying to beat us off the bookstall, he found he didn't see his way to carry out his engagement, and is at the moment arranging to send his contribution to the rival paper instead, and at the same time, I hear, to bring an action against *us* for damages. These things are all in the day's march, when dealing with our Balkan contributors. We have, however, sent the biggest and strongest person on the staff out to have a talk with him, and if he does not mend his ways, we shall—er—well, we shall appoint some Committees to consider what to do with him.

***

—And Our American

Then there is our American special correspondent. Though our rival has torn up all the manuscripts he has sent him, tried to burn down his house, and drowned his wife and family, he has made it perfectly clear that he does not intend to proceed against him. On one or two occasions, he says, *we* mislaid some of his " copy," and forgot to return rejected manuscripts as promptly as we ought, and as, he says, we rather pride ourselves on our respectability and law-abidingness, he thinks it is against *us* that he ought to bring an action. as out of *us*, he thinks, he stands a better chance of collecting the dollars. I don't quite follow his line of argument, but I suppose when we meet each other in The Hague we shall get it all put right.

(*Continued on page 288*)



THE EDITOR'S APOLOGY (*concluded from page 287*)

Help from Russia and Italy

We have to express our deep gratitude to our Russian special correspondent. Though he is not represented by a contribution in this issue, we understand he has completely "done in" our rival paper by drawing it into an interminable correspondence, and that when he has completely exhausted the enemy's energies in this way he will send us over something that will be perfectly certain to ensure brilliant success for our Christmas Number after next. At the moment of going to press we are still confidently expecting some help from our special Rome correspondent, who has been giving the matter his careful consideration for many months past, and is rumoured to be likely at any moment to notify us definitely that he is considering even more seriously the question of letting us have a story, if we agree to pay his price.

THE ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT

BERLIN WIRELESS OFFICIAL: "Pardon, Majesty, but is it your intention to eat your Xmas dinner in Paris, Petrograd, London, or Cairo this year?"

By Hutton Mitchell

Voluntary Effort

Nevertheless, we seem somehow to have got out, and the great point to bear in mind is that this paper is produced entirely by *voluntary effort*, and not by the use of forced or pressed men. The artists and writers who have fallen in come entirely of their own free will. When once it was made *perfectly plain* to them that unless they sent in contributions their sweethearts would "cut" them, their wives desert them, their friends boycott them, their employers dismiss them, and that they would be regarded as shirkers, skunks, and cowards for the rest of their lives, they *freely and willingly* offered their services, with the results that are laid out before you.

* * *

Bound to Win

What results? Well, the paper is out, isn't it? All the pages are numbered, and the "copy" fits the spaces: the drawings are inked, aren't they? The stories are *grammatical?* Really, I don't understand what is the matter. If you say they are no better than the contributions that appear in rival papers, I tell you you are wrong. They *must* be better because they are ours, and if this number only remains *long enough* on the bookstalls, and we *talk* enough about it and use enough italics, it is bound to win in the long run. If the rivals sell out first, that is of *no consequence.* What is it merely to sell out? Does it not mean that your issue is *exhausted?* That you have no more copies to sell? Very well, then. If this issue does *not* sell out, and remains on the stalls, does that not mean that it has won by the *process of attrition?*

* * *

No Resignation

We had intended to illustrate this point by pages and pages more of italicised dissertation illustrated by half-a-dozen sketch maps, but the Printer has notified us that if we do not close down the issue and get to press at this point he will, by consent of his colleagues, go on a most important mission to the East End, and as it would never do for our enemies to think he had *resigned,* we have no course but to do as he says. Before we sit down, however, we desire to say that we *really* think this Christmas Number is by far the best ——————

(remainder deleted by Printer).

What We Shall Not See—

—OR TOO MUCH TO EXPECT

The extension of the Christmas Truce to the Higher Personalities

BY J. H. DOWD

Things That Don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

I STRONGLY object to Christmas Numbers and Christmas most things. Christmas pudding, for instance, is a culinary sin against nature; crackers are detestable and mistletoe is neither attractive in appearance nor decent in appeal. And there's a lot of humbug about mistletoe. If you want to kiss—kiss and kiss openly. If you don't want to kiss openly, why not kiss behind a holly-bush instead of beneath a mistletoe? As for Father Christmas, why he's like nothing on earth but old Tirpitz. And *he's* even fallen out with the Kaiser.

* * *

I have Christmassed in many lands. On one Christmas Day I was lost in the jungle, but I did not escape Christmas all the same. The monkeys, I noticed, were unduly familiar, and all sorts of slimy snakes came crawling up for Christmas boxes. Meanwhile the fire-flies buzzed carols, and I had the real plum puddingy taste in my mouth when the water gave out.

* * *

Talk of Christmas at home! Well, no one exploits the cash possibilities of the season as much as the natives do. They come in long lines bringing you gifts that you never wanted in exchange for money that you cannot spare. And in a minute or two they smuggle away your gifts to some other poor devil of a white man—and on from him to another. Then they take the original gifts home with them—their pockets clanking with dollars—and wish that Christmas was every day. There's nothing like it except the election pledges of politicians. They are presented solemnly in return for votes, and are then whisked away to the cold storage of Ananias and to until another election comes.

* * *

This year we are to have unique Christmas cards. Everybody who is anybody is making his own. I need not describe the King's greeting to the Kaiser. The Censor has it in hand. The Kaiser's message to the King was to have come per the Pope. It has annoyed His Holiness exceedingly.

* * *

The Prince of Wales has sent a real "tickler" to the Crown Prince. The latter's reply c-o President Wilson will be the subject of at least six American Notes.

* * *

But K. of K. has been busy also. To Lord Northcliffe he is sending the following dainty message: "I leave you shivering in the cold, old dear, and go East to improve *my* circulation."

To this the great newspaper Lord replies, pleasantly: "Had I but written about myself as I have written about you I should have told the truth, and no one would have believed me."

MR. ASQUITH to K. of K.—
"We did not want to lose you,
But we thought you ought to go."

K. of K. to MR. ASQUITH—
"The *Globe* is my oyster."

LORD FISHER to MR. CHURCHILL—
"Hullo, matey—it's your turn now."

MR. CHURCHILL to LORD FISHER—
"Go Out or Go Under."

EVERYONE to MR. GARVIN—
"Sing to me only with thine eyes" (on Sundays).

HORATIO to EVERYONE—
"When honest men come by their own——?"

JOHN BURNS to the INCOME TAX FIENDS—
"Silence is (400 times) golden."

"QUIDNUNC" to HIS CREDITORS—
"Mor-a-tor-ium!"

* * *

Christmas gifts this year will be few but choice. Mine will be very few and of my own choice. I propose to make a start by giving the Editor—a sick headache. The Editor of this journal is too healthy to be amenable. I am also anxious to give Lord Haldane German measles. The *Daily Mail* would then have an opportunity of saying "We told you so," and the dear *Express* would say the same thing a week later with tasteful references to the poor gentleman's "spiritual home."

* * *

But quite a number of smart people are exchanging pretty tokens this Christmas. "F. E." is to give "dear Winston" a wonderful pocket wireless "so that the world may know without delay, etc.," and Winston hands over to "F. E." his unequalled Limelight Apparatus which nasty-minded people say he purloined from Mr. Lloyd George. So one way and another we may expect quite a lot in our newspapers!

* * *

By the way, is it really true that Winston is going to the Dardanelles? It is rumoured that he is anxious to try a few new landings quite on his own. What a boy he is to be sure! Blood will tell, won't it—even if it is someone else's?

* * *

Lord Derby's Christmas gifts are highly practical. To every Regiment in the Army he is sending—Recruits. His dainty card bears the simple words, "Findings is keepings." It is barely English and scarcely moral. But it would be interesting to know what the Recruits say of Lord Derby and what the Regiments say of the Recruits!

(*Continued on page 292*)

All Home!

EXTRACT FROM THE KAISER'S SPEECH A YEAR AGO

"Comrades, you will all be in your homes before the leaves fall again from the trees"

BY HUTTON MITCHELL

THINGS THAT DON'T MATTER (*concluded from page 290*)

Amongst other pretty gifts of which I have heard are :

MR. BERNARD SHAW to MR. HALL CAINE—
A Tombstone (Blank).

MR. HALL CAINE to MR. BERNARD SHAW—
A Complete Set of Mr. Hall Caine's Works.

(But G. B. S. can look after himself. He is sending them out to the front to supplement our supply of "Gas.")

* * *

A pitiably true story is being told of one of our lesser Royalties with a quite unpronounceable name. The Royal lady was at a hospital visiting wounded soldiers. The Tommies had been warned that she was coming and had discussed her freely. She approached a rough Yorkshireman's bed, and asked how it happened. "Well, mum," said he, "I was here like and the —— Germans was there—like." Then seeing her shudder he added charmingly, "Oh, beg pardon, mum. When I used that language I quite forgot, mum, you was half a German yourself."

* * *

If we cannot intern foreign Royalties, cannot we keep them at home? Broken English is anything but balm to men who've been wounded by Germans, and strange names, however resounding, are *not* reassuring. One of these days the Civil List will not know itself. Why wait till then?

As, of course, I never drink stimulants I am never likely to suffer from any artificial shortage of them. But I do feel that these licensing restrictions are indefensible. They have been sanctioned by Parliament and are enforced in different areas by the Military Authorities. May I ask two questions :

1. Are there any restrictions at all in the Houses of Parliament?

2. Are there any restrictions at all in regimental messes?—

There are not. Parliament says to the nation, "Don't do as I do, but do as I tell you." As for our officers (God bless 'em), they can drink at any hour of the day. But, of course, they don't, for the reason that they don't want to. And we don't want to either. But when we do want to drink—we want to drink.

* * *

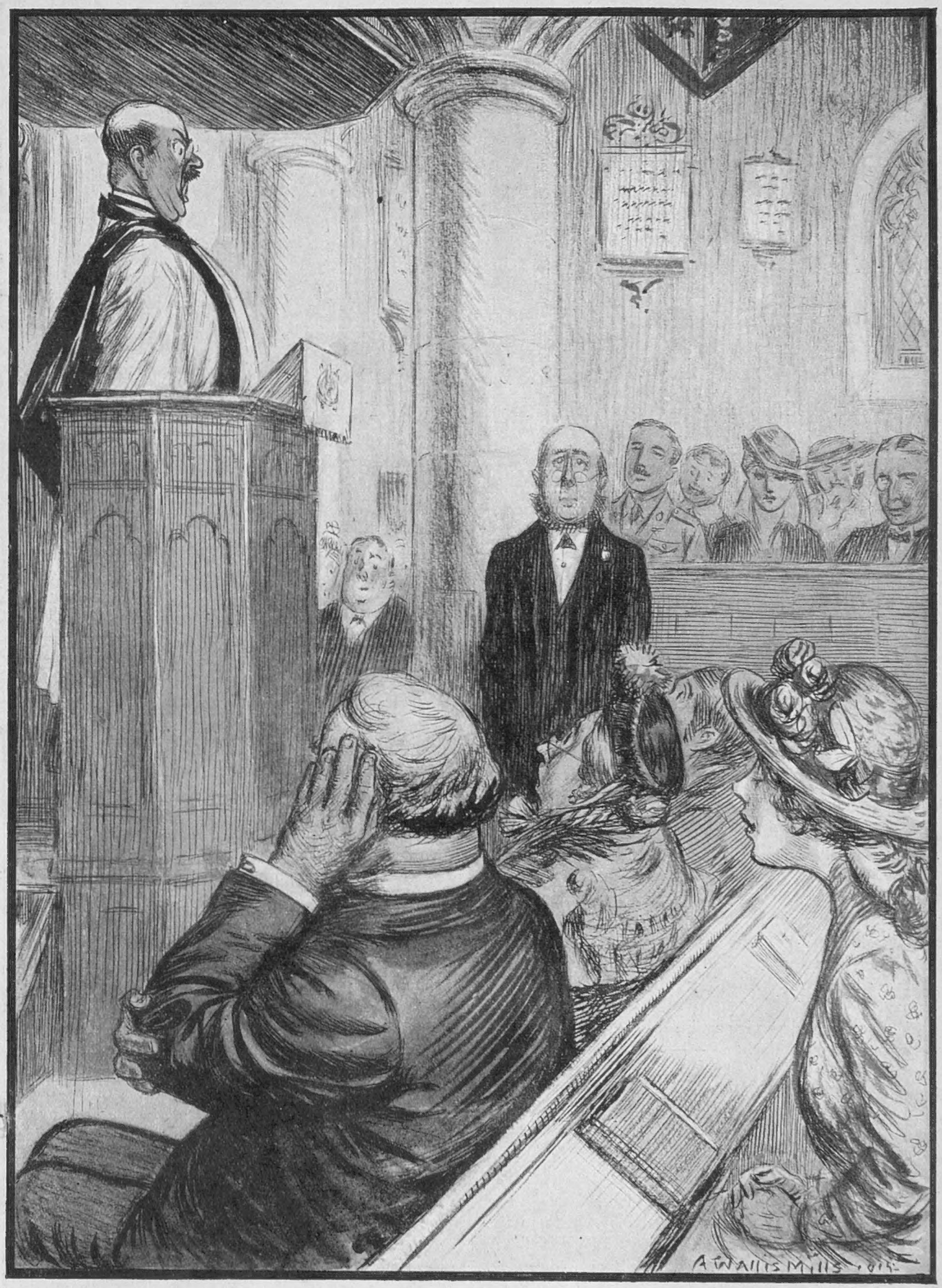
If it's because of the women—wipe them out entirely. To me it is horrible that any woman should ever drink. Warn them off all licensed premises and be honest about it. The real truth is that the cocoa cranks have got on top and are squeezing the Government. These people are quite irrational and utterly selfish. Why do they not spare a little more attention to improving the lot of the native workers in their own cocoa plantations? QUIDNUNC

"Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre"—

—And it won't be long, we expect, before things begin to hum, under the Churchill touch

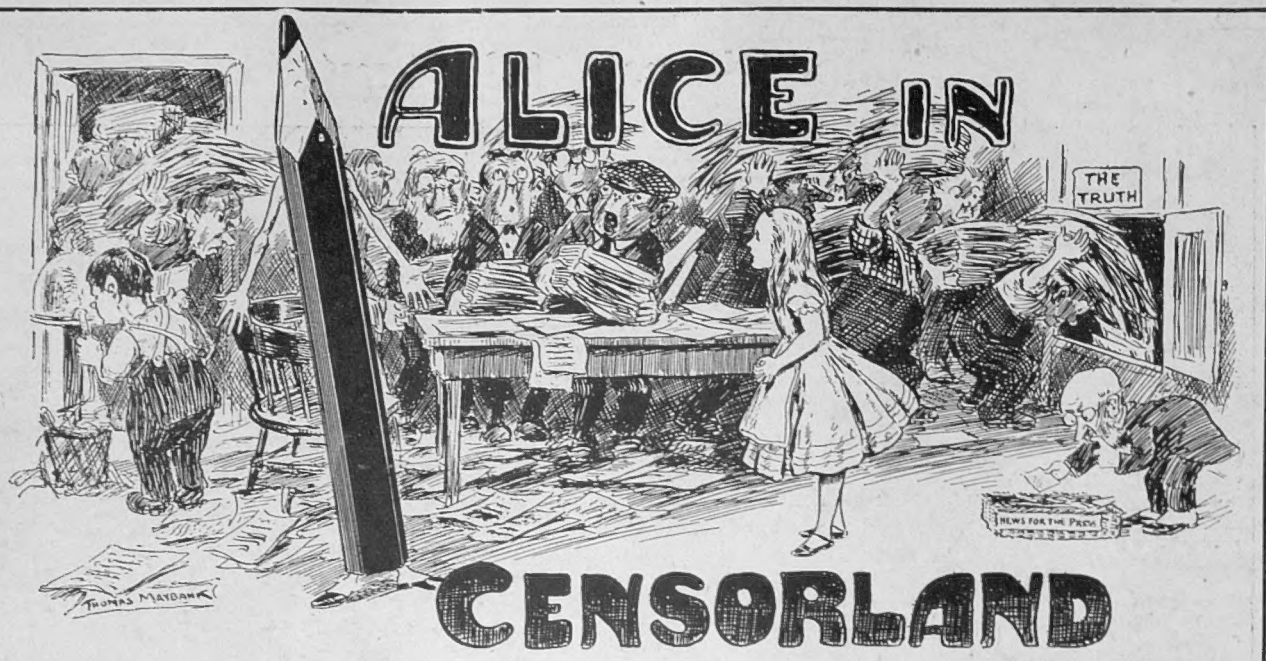
BY E. T. REED

The Church Militant



COUNTRY PARSON (who during the week drills the villagers, about to start his sermon): "Company! 'Shun!"

BY A. WALLIS MILLS



WHAT SHE SAW AND HEARD BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE WAR

I.

THERE was an awful crash, and Alice awoke to find that her bedroom had suddenly transferred itself to the ground-floor, where it was indistinguishable from the sitting-room, drawing-room, pantry and outhouses, and that the street in which they lived had been merged into other streets, and that all was wreckage and ruin and broken glass and crockery and bricks and dust. While wondering what could have happened, she heard the voice of a newsboy passing with the words on his placard, "AIR RAID —OFFICIAL."

"How thrilling," said Alice. "Now I shall be able, for the first time, to read about something that I've been in myself."

She bought a copy of the paper, and read:

"There was an air-raid last night on the Eastern Counties. There was very little damage. One child was killed."

"But this isn't the Eastern Counties," she told the boy, "and look, there's lots and lots of damage. I don't know what people buy newspapers for."

"Well, it's time you did," said the boy. "They buys 'em so's not to know the news. Knowing the news is bad for 'em, and 'elps the enemy. Paper! Paper! Special. All about what didn't 'appen last night."

"I must be dreaming again," said Alice, still remembering her experiences in ——— land, and "Through the ——— glass," "or perhaps I've been killed, and this is ——."

When she opened her eyes she found herself in a big room, with a large window looking out on to a vast expanse of land and seascape crowded with men of all kinds, in all sorts of uniforms, ships at sea and in the air, and kings in crowns, and men at tables.

Overshadowing everything and everybody in the room was an enormous Blue Pencil, which was sliding about all over piles and piles of closely printed matter. Every now and again men would enter and take away sheets of the paper which were all crossed out, and throw them down a dark hole above which see saw the words, "THE TRUTH." Once or twice a small timid man would take from a basket, on which was pasted the words "NEWS FOR PRESS," a tiny piece of printed matter which hadn't been scratched out. All the time there was an incessant tick-tick-tick from a machine which rolled out thin strips of white paper that a boy took off at intervals, pasted on sheets, and laid in front of the Blue Pencil.

* * * * *

II.

"Hullo," said the Blue Pencil, "so you've arrived at last in Censorland? Heard about you dozens of times, but never yet seen you."

"You seem to know me, then," said Alice.

"Know you? Of course we know you," said the Blue Pencil. "Haven't they been killing you for fifteen months?"

"Killing me for fifteen months?"

"Foolish child. Every time they bombard a town, from land or sea or air, *you're* killed. One child! Now d'you understand?"

"But there were others—I saw them."

"Hush. . . . You'll be suppressed if you talk like that, and then goodness knows what we should do. The war certainly couldn't go on without you."

"Need it go on?" asked Alice innocently. "I should have thought ——."

"You'd better not be heard thinking here," said the Blue Pencil, sternly.

He seemed so busy that Alice took a seat near the great window. Passing before her eyes were twenty-two elderly gentlemen in black clothes, all of them looking very, very angry, some of them appearing to be using strong language. Alice asked the Blue Pencil who they were.

"Only the Cabinet," he said. "They've just had the news of a glorious victory at the front. Here's the report:—

"After a dashing charge of infantry at blank, on the dash, the space—space—advanced towards the enemy's positions at Hill 999, and took complete possession. By nightfall, the object of the attack having been attained, our gallant troops returned to their trenches, where they repulsed with complete

ALICE IN CENSORLAND (continued)

"One of our gallant volunteers volunteering"

success a fierce counter-attack by the enemy in great force."

"Is that a victory, though?" said Alice, uneasily, "if we took the hill and then left it——."

"It's a victory, of course. Don't you see, it doesn't matter whether we keep the hill or lose it. We've killed so many of the enemy, and this is a war of attrition. The more of him we kill the sooner the war will be over."

"Yes, but if he kills as many of our own men as we do of his, doesn't it mean——?"

"It doesn't," said the Blue Pencil. "Don't be irrelevant. If you want it explained, buy next week's *Censorland and Water*. That'll explain to you that everything's always all right provided it isn't all wrong, and that even then it's really all right if you insert enough maps."

Alice yawned and resumed her look-out.

* * * * *

III.

A young man in plain clothes was standing in the street. In front of him was a sergeant, who called him a coward, and just behind him was an elderly gentleman with a white moustache, who said he was a skunk. A young woman approached and pinned a white feather into his buttonhole.

"Who is he?" asked Alice.

"Oh," remarked the Blue Pencil, "he's just one of our gallant volunteers, volunteering for his King and Country. You see, our Army, unlike that of the Continental nations, is entirely made up of men who go of their own free will, and not as pressed men."

"I should like so much to see a *pressed man*," sighed Alice, "now that I know what a volunteer is."

There then appeared a long procession of young men, some of them of the clerk class, others navvies, or uniformed officials, postmen, railway porters, chauffeurs, etc. Passing in the opposite direction was a procession of women, most of them looking at least the equals of the men in length and breadth and strength.

Alice timidly asked the Blue Pencil what it meant.

"Oh," he replied, "the men are going out to fight, and the women are marching to take their places, and do their work."

"Are they strong enough?" said Alice, "because——."

"Of course they're strong enough. Because what, you terrible child?"

"Because if they are, why don't they take *them* to fight as well as the men? Some of them look quite as strong, and they march much, much better."

* * * * *

IV.

After the recruits and women had passed there arrived another kind of procession. Alice saw parading before her about two dozen elderly men, with top hats, all looking very fierce and carrying enormous quill pens.

"Passing in the opposite direction was a procession of women, most of them looking at least the equals of the men in length and breadth and strength"

"Who are they?" she asked the Blue Pencil.

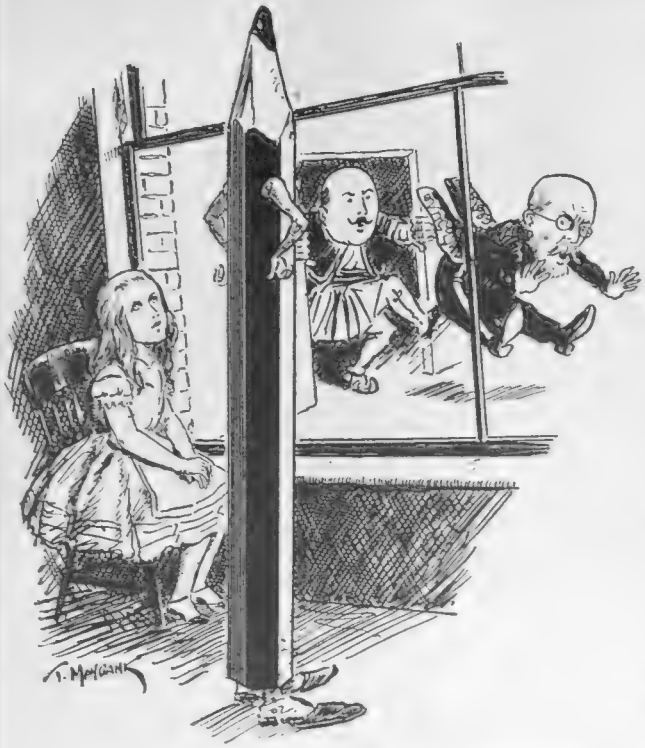
"Oh, those are the War-to-the-bitter-enders," he grunted.

"They belong to all nationalities and are going to all the different newspapers to say that, whoever

(Continued on page 295)

"Two dozen elderly men, with top hats, all looking very fierce and carrying enormous quill pens"

ALICE IN CENSORLAND (continued from page 295)



"'Do you think they arrange it between them?' asked Alice dreamily"

the enemy is, they will never lay down the sword till he's annihilated."

"But they don't carry swords," said Alice. "Why don't they get them and go and annihilate the enemy at the front?"

"My dear foolish child. If the old men at home stopped writing the young men at the front might forget what they were fighting about, and stop fighting, and that would mean—the thing we never mention—he lowered his voice—*peace*."

"Oh, the poor old gentleman," said Alice, shortly, as she saw an elderly man with a white beard falling violently out of a long white building. "Have you got anything about him?"

"Oh, I expect it's the Greek Ministry. Fallen again, has it? Yes, here it is. 'King Constantine has once again dismissed his Prime Minister, owing to a difference of opinion on the subject of fighting with or against the Allies.' The Prime Minister, you see, has signed a Treaty promising to fight on our side, but the King has signed another promising not to. Directly the Minister begins to carry out his Treaty the King turns him out. So Greece doesn't fight on either side."

"Do you think they arrange it between them?" asked Alice dreamily, "and that neither of them really wants to fight?"

"Good heavens, child! You had better not let anybody hear you say that. It would give the Foreign Office an awful shock. They believe everybody in the Balkans is as good and kind and true as they are themselves, and they'd be terribly upset if they found out differently."

"Would that matter?" asked Alice. "There would be others, wouldn't there, who would *act* differently, and they might finish the war, mightn't they?"

"You seem a very presumptuous and most unusual child, who must on no account be allowed outside Censorland."

* * * * *

V.

Just then there arose in the street an awful moaning noise, the sound of a chorus of voices, most of their owners evidently in great pain.

"Can it be the wounded coming back from the front?" she asked anxiously.

"No," said the Blue Pencil, not even looking up. "The wounded don't moan. What you hear is the evening editions of our newspapers just coming out."

She looked out of window, and saw a procession of gentlemen with wisps of hair drooping down their foreheads. She strained her ear to catch what it was they were chanting so dolefully.

"Oh, grave," they moaned. "Graver and graver! Oh, *awfully* grave!! Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh."

The procession stopped, and the leader of it spread out on the ground a huge map. Standing in the middle of it, he said:

"Look! I'm at Berlin, where the Germans are. There"—he pointed with his forefinger—"is Paris, and Calais, and Dover, and Chatham, and London."

"Yes," agreed Alice. "And Liverpool, and Bristol, and Hull, and Manchester, and Leeds."

"Hush!" He then turned round and raised his other hand, and pointed in the opposite direction.

"There," he said, "is Belgrade, and Sofia, and Constantinople, and Bagdad, and India."

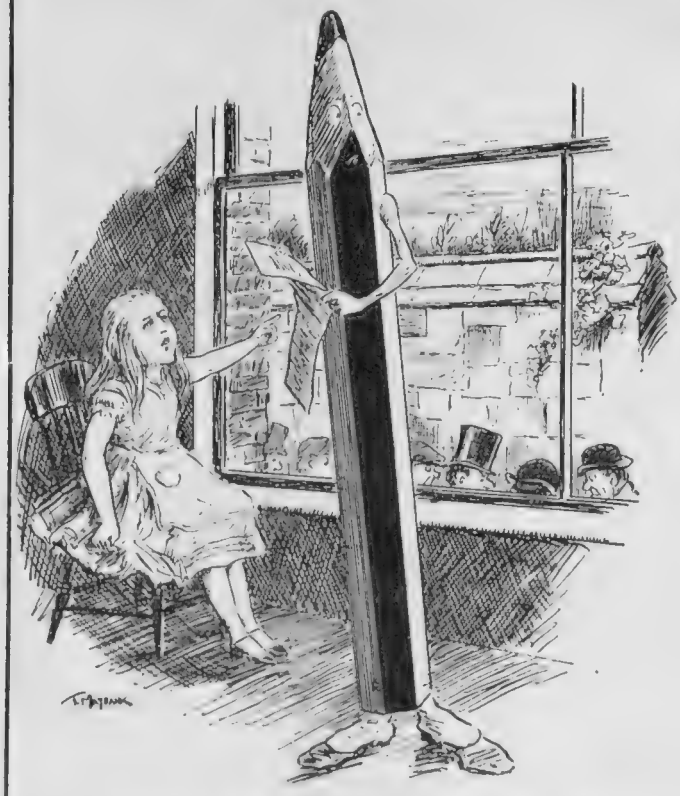
"Yes," said Alice. "And Ceylon, and Singapore, and Australia, and New Zealand, and Fiji, and Cape Horn, and Spain, and France, and ——."

"And England again," said the voice. "Quite so. And yet there you stand, looking as though things were just as usual. Don't you realise that they're coming nearer and nearer, whichever way they move?

"If seven *Mails* with seven maps
Scared you for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Pressman cried,
"That they could make you fear?"

"Then the crowd returned, and put on to the table before the President another ink-pot as big as the last"

ALICE IN CENSORLAND. (*concluded*)



"'It's a lie, a wicked, malignant lie,' said Blue Pencil, reading from the sheets. 'His name isn't Humpty-Dumpty, and he hasn't fallen from the wall'"

"I doubt it," said a khaki lad, giving a hearty cheer.

"*He* doesn't seem downhearted," said Alice, watching the soldier walking towards a train that stood waiting on the platform, into which other soldiers were crowding. "And he's going over to fight the enemy. If he can keep so cheerful about it, why can't you, who're safe at home?"

* * * * *

VI.

"What a frightfully long tick," said Alice, sighing, after listening to the tape machine for ten and a half hours. "What on earth has happened?"

"Come and look through the Atlantic telescope and you'll see," said the Blue Pencil. Alice obeyed.

"There's a nice-looking gentleman in eye-glasses, dipping his pen into a huge ink-pot that's nearly empty, and writing on a huge scroll of paper. All around him are a lot of angry-looking old men with billy-goat beards."

"That's it," said the Blue Pencil. "That's the American President writing his very latest Note to the Germans. The people behind him are the American public, bubbling over with indignation. The ink-pot being empty means that his supply of patience has at last nearly exhausted. Watch and see what he does when it's *quite* finished."

Alice waited for another five hours, and then the President laid down his pen, and said something to the indignant crowd. All at once they left the room, and the President, looking very fierce and determined, and clenching his teeth, waited.

"What's he going to do?" said Alice, nervously. "Fight the Germans?"

Then the crowd returned, and put on to the table before the President another ink-pot as big as the last, but filled with ink.

"He's going to write a new series," said the Blue Pencil, wearily. "To us, this time."

* * * * *

VII.

Her attention was drawn from the telescope by a heavy crash outside.

Blue Pencil looked at the tape, while Alice, returning to the window, noticed a great crowd in the street at the foot of a wall with nobody sitting on it.

"D'you think that can have been Humpty-Dumpty falling off the wall?" she said. "He certainly isn't on it, and there's a large crowd looking at something at the bottom of it."

"It's a lie, a wicked malignant lie," said Blue Pencil, reading from the sheets. "His name isn't Humpty-Dumpty, and he *hasn't* fallen from the wall. By request of his fellows, he has gone on an Easterly mission, while still sitting all the time on the wall."

"That doesn't seem sense," said Alice, indignantly.

"It's more than sense. It's Censor," said the Blue Pencil.

"I think Censorland's a very stupid place," said Alice. "I'd like to get out of it."

"So should we all," said the voice of a worried-looking gentleman, bearing in his hands a scrap of much-pencilled paper.

"Who are you?" asked Alice.

"Oh, only the Christmas BYSTANDER," said the man, "just going to press, and going to take you off with me to fill some pages with."

"What's that you've got in your hands?"

"Oh, only my Christmas message to my readers."

Alice took it from him and read:

"The —mas Bystander wishes all his readers a — —mas, and a — New Year. — on earth and —will towards men."

"Just going to press, and going to take you with me to fill some pages with"

From a "Daily Mail" Leader:

The Only Way

THERE is not one of us who is not convinced that we shall eventually emerge victorious from this war, but as we have said every day for the last eleven years, there is only one way to ensure a speedy victory, and that is by adopting National Service without further delay. Why should unmarried men of 65 and 70 be asked to go when there are hundreds of thousands of young slackers between the ages of 55 and 60 still at large? etc., etc.

From a "Star" Leader:

The Yellow Press-Gang

As staunch supporters of the Voluntary System, which has given us the finest army the world has ever seen, we cannot understand the point of view of those who for eleven years have done their utmost to crab recruiting. The Conscriptionist Press has determined that if recruits are not obtained by its own pet method then they shall not be obtained at all. Yesterday Lord Derby issued an appeal for men between the ages of 65 and 70. Lord Northcliffe has refused to insert this appeal in any of his papers on the ground that there are thousands of young slackers of 55 and 60 still hanging back. Our readers have not forgotten the disgraceful attack made by the Northcliffe journals on Lord Kitchener some eleven years ago, and will be able to put a proper value, etc., etc.

From "John Bull":

A Surprise in Store

"If you see it in *John Bull*"—you know the rest! In 1915 we referred in vague general terms to the fact that we *knew* something which the ordinary public did not. Well, be of good cheer. We can't say much at present, but we *can* say that something will very shortly happen which will be a big surprise to the Germhuns and a very pleasant one to ourselves and our Allies. Meanwhile don't be downhearted and don't, whatever you do, miss the announcement about our new "Bullets" scheme on page 2 of cover. Roll up and hit the bull's eye!

From a Letter in the "New Globe":

For Faithful Service

SIR,—A good many years ago your valuable paper championed the cause of the Special Constabulary. It may interest you, therefore, to learn that the distinctive caps which (I think in 1914) you so strongly urged should be provided are again on the point of being issued. At least I gather so from the fact that I have once more received a postcard headed "Caps," asking me to fill in the exact size I take in hats.—Yours, etc.,

SPECIAL OF 11 YEARS STANDING
(and a little sitting).

From the Press Bureau:

Last Night's Air Raid

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that hostile aircraft visited the Eastern Counties, the Thames Estuary, Greater London, and the Metropolitan Police Area last night, and—er—dropped bombs. Slight damage was done, and a number of small fires were started. Several people were more or less killed and injured. Details will be published later. Our airmen went up and came down successfully, etc.

From the "Morning Post" Parliamentary Report:

"The Bystander" and Recruiting

Mr. Hogge (R., Edinburgh E.) asked the Prime Minister whether it was the intention of the Government to take any action, and if so what and when, against the proprietors of THE BYSTANDER for doing its best to prevent eligible men of military age from joining His Majesty's forces.

Mr. Asquith: "If the right hon. gentleman will be good enough to give me specific instances in which the journal in question has offended I can assure him that immediate action will be taken."

Mr. Hogge: "Instances occur every week. It is notorious that THE BYSTANDER is so packed with good things (loud cheers) that men of military age get so absorbed in it that they completely forget their obligations to their country." No answer was given.

From an Article by Colonel Maude:

Germany's Exhaustion

As I said in these columns this time four years ago, the German reserves must by now be very nearly exhausted, and the end of the war, though perhaps not yet in sight, may come unexpectedly at any moment. Taking the male population of Germany at the beginning of the war at 67 millions (or used I to say 65 millions?), and making due allowance for the large number of boys who were then eight years old and are now 19, and deducting casualties for 10 years, I am inclined to put the total forces now available at not more than 7,000 or 8,000 on either front. From these it is necessary to make deductions for transport, railways, guarding prisoners, etc., etc., *ad nauseam*.

W. H. B.

Gay Words—Aching Heart

BY NORA SCHLEGEL

"My Duties"

By a Staff Officer

"M. Dubois reports that his haystack has been burnt through the carelessness of 'les troupes Britanniques'"

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM ONE OF THEM SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

YOU ask about my job. It is like this. It is nearly all done in an office. The following things are referred to me; the list is not complete, but they are samples:—

1. Some big-wig wants to know how many gas helmets the Artillery have got, how many have holes in them, how many men sleep with theirs on, and what they do with them when they are worn out. *I* have to find out.

2. Gunner Jones has added to the population, although there is no Mrs. Jones. His number is 934,826; he has bandy legs and drinks his bath-water. *I* have to find that man.

3. The Head Doctor attributes the number of colds prevalent in the Army to the keeping of pet dogs by the troops. A return is required showing the number of dogs in possession, the number with fleas and the number without; how many have muzzles; whether the muzzles are Government or "gift" pattern, and how many bones per week per dog are taken out of the Government ration.

I furnish that return.

4. M. Dubois reports that his haystack has been burnt through the carelessness of "les troupes Britanniques." It is worth 4,000 francs; his son-in-law is a prisoner in Germany; he has once held General Joffre's horse—*et bien*, he is a true patriot and it is desired that the damage may be paid for. On inquiry by the Claims Officer it appears that—

(1) He has seen no soldiers near the haystack for a week.

(2) The haystack is heavily insured!!

I have to find out which battery the (supposititious) men who burnt his haystack belong to.

5. Colonel X. has been told to send a waggon to collect a Hun shell from a neighbouring ditch. On doing so he reports by wire "It is not there." *I* have to find out—

(1) Whether the ditch is there and the shell absent, or *vice versa*.

(2) Why the shell or ditch is not there.

(3) Who took it away.

(4) Why, on finding the shell there and the ditch absent, they did not find a ditch to put the shell in before removing the shell, in order to fulfil the conditions.

6. A report is required for a special purpose showing how many men there are who were employed as waiters, sandwich-men, iron-puddlers, tobacconists, and professional cricketers before the war. (This is required in England in two days' time, so that the Member for Upton-cum-Slush may be able to answer a question in the House which the Conservative Member for Montresor Bay has given notice of.)

I send that report.

All these things are not of national importance, but they are part of the "day's work."

The other part I cannot tell you, *à cause du Censor*.

The other day our Chief thought a visit to the trenches might be a little change for us, so off we marched—the brigade-major, the clerk, and I—and, in spite of much squelching of mud and not a few side-slips, eventually arrived in a fairly advanced trench, whence (we were told) we might watch the progress of events.

Our watching was not for long: as far as we could make out, the progress of events consisted of (to paraphrase Longfellow) "A sudden rush through the trenches, a sudden raid from the air"; and the Major and I were trying to do the proverbial ostrich trick in an already overcrowded dug-out! Not so the clerk, who was a bit slow getting off the mark: it took some time to distinguish which was mud and which clerk; but as soon as he had ejected from his mouth what appeared to be most of the soil of that part of *la belle France*, his only comment was, "I saw that one quite well, thank you, sir!"

He now thanks the Chief kindly, but does *not* think he requires another half-holiday.

One of Our Minor Wars

"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

BY G. E. STUDDY

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *November 22, 1915.*

DEAR COUSIN—

CHRISTMAS is coming. Cheery Ho! Likewise Wouff! Wouff! And are we downhearted? Well, nothing like we *were*, anyhow. Confession's good for the soul, though, so I don't mind telling *you* that as sure as eggs is eggs, and just out of pure cussedness, no doubt, always as the festive season rolls along your Blanche gets more and more and more most dreadfully depressed.

* * *

However. That's by the way, isn't it? For the rest we really are cheerfuller, and if it is rather the

"Mary Rose sat on a pin
Mary Rose,"

sort of cheerfulness—well, there, you can't have everything, can you?

* * *

And you never can tell. We may be regularly rollicking, positively merry and bright and *hearty*, you know, by the time we've read the Christmas Numbers (which, by the way, they simply *love* at the hospitals, and there's one in particular I hear is going short—the Officers' Quarters of the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar). Though, of course, for us at home it's not so very hard, is it, to face almost blithely another war winter and another war Christmas?

* * *

We're still so safe in England, our England, the little land we're paying such a price for. And though we may be anxious and even sad and perhaps a little lonely because of the many dear brave men and boys who'll never spend Christmas with us again, we're going through it in comfort, and even still in luxury, some of us.

* * *

Except for those old Zeps as snug as a bug in a rug. *Too* snug, I sometimes think. Do some of us a lot of good, you know, just to see what it feels like to be half-drowned in mud and half-dead with cold and so clogged-up in such a conglomeration of clothes to keep the Flanders chill out that we wouldn't have a bath if we could—not for Christmas.

* * *

Which reminds me, talking of being clogged up, now that Lord Derby's taken *all* the young men from *all* the shops, there's simply no one to deliver the goods, so to speak, so you have to carry your own parcels home—or get some nice kind man to help you, which isn't so awfully difficult.

"You have to carry your own parcels home—or get some nice kind man to help you"

* * *

And, oh! the brain-racking time I've had fixing on things for "A Good Boy in the Trenches." Cigarettes, pipes, tobacco, tinder-lighters, soap, chocs, books—there never seems to be anything new under the sun, much less in the shops, when one's choosing a present, does there? To say I'm tired out with the effort doesn't describe it, so to avoid further fatigue I've decided to give something you can't buy in the shops as my Christmas present to the ones at home. Can you guess what it is, I wonder? Tommy, in France, makes it rhyme with daisy.

* * *

A man on a ship—her name shall be sacred, but her address is the usual "c-o G.P.O."—writes to say my letters cheer them up so because now they so rarely meet men who can tell them first-hand all that's going on in town, but "you, Blanche, seem to have the happy knack of just telling us what's happening in the places we all know."

* * *

Another one doesn't seem quite so sure about it. He's that "Asiatic Algy" you've heard about before, and on his way home, more or less dilapidated, poor dear. He was, as he puts it, clumsy enough not to get out of the way of a bit of cast-iron projectile

(Continued on page 304)

"An all-proper-teh-and-sixpenny-don't-eat-off-your-knife lunch"

"This is positively the very last week of the come-or-you'll-be-pushed campaign"

that was coming along quick with the result that it carried out some very fine excavating work on Algy, instead of hurtling past, as all good projgies should.

* * *

But, spite of all, there's still some bounce left in boy-boy. He announces his firm intention of "seeing if I've been telling 'em the truth about England all these months," the moment he's had a "long hot bath and an all-proper-ten-and-sixpenny-don't-eat-off-your-knife-lunch."

* * *

Which just very slightly embarrasses me, you know. Because—well, for one thing, what *is* truth? Subject on which opinions do *vary* so, don't they? And I'm one of those who, like the historic Irishman, have too great a respect for her to be dragging her out on every paltry occasion. And for another, really in England, now, there's next to nothing happening anywhere, most of all, I suppose, in "the places we all know."

* * *

Under the surface, of course, though, the world's at war, and every day, every hour, some mother's son gives up

"... the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene
That men call age,"

the world whirls on the same. We eat and drink and sleep and wake, we laugh and cry and make money and make love, which, as dear Dizzy use to say, is what we were born for—it's the principle of existence, and its only end.

* * *

They're even busy still on the backstairs business. Women don't stop pulling strings just because it's war-time—wonders aren't worked even by war, and if they don't nominate the Bishops now, (in the gay, brave days of the second Charles that was one of Lady Castlemaine's perks, wasn't it?), I'm sure they choose the Generals, otherwise how account for some of the simply screaming appointments that keep on getting made.

* * *

But, of course, at some of the places we used to make merry at there is a sort of a feeling of forcedness about the merry-making now. And quite a lot of the right and due war abstinence and propriety, too—it's really very difficult, you know, to get properly warmed up and genial before ten. And for me, anyway, the supper one never really wanted, having completely dined an hour or so before, is wanted less than ever now, when there's only lemonade to wash it down and a doubt about getting a taxi that'll deign to take you home afterwards.

* * *

And everyone's got gooder, too, or pretends to have, anyway. It's not the thing to be bad, you see, or even to be very smart, for, as some one's said, "nobody could wear clothes like that and be good"—in war-time. And though this is all very nice and awfully praiseworthy and seemly, and all that, it's very dull, of course, especially at lunch and dinner-parties. For, as someone else has said, after all, what is life without risks—specially in conversation?

* * *

Even in the giddiest of giddy circles there's such a falling-off as never was in fixed-up shows, for even in England, you know, we don't make war for a year and a half without just sometimes remembering about it. Our gay girls are still here, of course—they've not *all* gone nursing, and lots that did are home again, because of their poor feet and the hard floors, or something.

* * *

But of the gay boys there's a sad shortage, though really I sometimes marvel even now where they all come from and what on earth they did before, all the swishy young things in khaki who still strut gallantly their little hour at Ciro's and the Carlton and the Savoy before they go "over there" and learn in that hard school the bitter hardness of real life. Still, even they aren't always available—they've all, you see, got a job now. And in the end I suppose we'll do as the Americans do—have hen parties and real proper lunches and even dinners without a single man. Horrid idea, isn't it?

* * *

Think of it. The boring food and the still more boring drinks we'd have, for I can't imagine, can you, the mere nice ordinary woman bothering to give her mere female guests just the right brands of sherry and champagne and port and brandy? More likely to do it on the cheap—"in war-time, you know." Though by now, p'raps, there are just a few who've been too well trained to do less than their best in that way, even if it is only women they're feeding. But it's the bright exceptions that prove the rule, isn't it?

* * *

Of course, you know this is the very last week of the come-or-you'll-be-pushed campaign, and they say he's been coming up to the scratch really quite commendably, the lower middle-class young man who'd taken so long to make his mind up. And as it's a fairly tactful world after all, I don't suppose anybody's going to nose around cross-examining him about the date.

"P.S. I got those naval papers; it was sweet of them to send them"

("Blanche's" letter is concluded on page xxxii)

Complications

"It is reported that Captain Atkins is not yet out of danger"

BY WILMOT LUNT

LOOK OUT! DON'T MISS IT!

In order to contribute our share to the prevailing peace and quiet of the Seventh Day, and not to be outdone by our contemporaries, we propose shortly to come out with the

Sabbath Bystander

Heart-throbbing, pulse-increasing, temperature-raising Article by

MR. NELSON BULLAMY,

ENTITLED

"BLAST THE BALKANS!
AND
D——N THE DARDANELLES!!"

The strongest lay sermon ever written, in the strongest language ever put in print.

The Human Note at its Loudest!

MR. NELSON BULLAMY

MR. ARNOLD BARISON

An Article to make you think.

MR. ARNOLD BARISON,

The famous Philosopher, Novelist, Journalist, Publicist, and Editor of the "Acadamystical Review," will beat all previous records in his contribution

"AFTER ALL, WHAT——!?"

Probably the deepest message ever conveyed to bewildered humanity.

MISS BABY PELISSE

Will delight all our lady readers with her piquante pen.

"IS THE HIGH BOOT DOOMED?"

Will be found of absorbing interest to every woman.

MISS BABY PELISSE

THE REV. K. R. JUMBLE

Once Again

THE REV. K. R. JUMBLE

Will deliver the most absolutely soul-searching Sermon ever penned. Every letter simply

PULSATING WITH HUMANITY!

This is not only the finest Sermon ever written, but, in our opinion, the finest that ever will be written (except those Mr. Jumble has in preparation for subsequent Nos. of the "Sabbath Bystander," which will get finer every week.—See future advts.)

THRILLING BATTLE PICTURES—GOSSIP FROM THE HALLS—PAGES OF FASHION PICTURES.

Other features of unspeakable interest. Strictly Sabbatarian throughout.

[ADVT.]

Swopped Rulers!

OR HOW THE ENTENTE WON THE WAR

BY EDWARD EDGEWORTH (FORMERLY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN)

"The Professor gasped. Had the whole staff of the "Tageblatt" gone mad?"

I

"SWOP kings, and we'll fight you again!"

So, after the Boyne Battle, spoke the beaten Irish to their conquerors.

The Prussian Professor, Herr Dr. Diab.Sc. (Doctor of the Infernal Sciences) Schnupfen, as he read this in Blum's *Irische Geschichte*, did not think of swopping the wicked, decorative Kaiser for decent King George.

He was too tired for thoughts.

For forty days without break he had worked on his new Chemical Blast which was to destroy at one discharge the Allied Armies. In forty days Schnupfen had only once eaten, and twice slept. He had never seen a newspaper.

Now with his hellish device ready and the *Entente* Armies on annihilation's verge, he could afford repose. That was why he took up Blum's history. Blum's works run into ninety tomes; and every tome is guaranteed to slay the grimmest insomnia. Just as Schnupfen started on the paragraph beginning "The heroic Sarsfield . . ." his ears buzzed, his eyelids drooped, and the thick volume fell with a bang. . . .

II

The incredible, the inconceivable, the unimaginable happened. When Schnupfen awoke, or seemed to awake, twelve hours later, he was not holding the somniferous History, but the lively *Berliner Tageblatt*. In the *Tageblatt*—staring, glaring, and shameless—stood the overwhelming headlines:

SERIOUS REVERSE AT BRUSSELS.

ENTENTE OCCUPIES COLMAR.

PRIME MINISTER BETHMANN-HOLLWEG'S SPEECH IN SHEFFIELD.

HELFFERICH TAXES BRITISH CORSETS.

Professor Dr. Schnupfen gasped. "Reverses!" "Bethmann-Hollweg in Sheffield." "Helfferich taxes. . . ." What did it mean? Had the whole staff of the decent *Tageblatt* gone mad? Perhaps so—did not a British Minister proclaim that all Germans are mad? The Professor rang, and sent for the *Lokal-Anzeiger*. The same staring, stark-mad headlines:

BAD NEWS FROM WEST.

CROWN PRINCE SHUT UP IN METZ

TURKS' DIFFICULT POSITION

REICHSTAG INSISTS IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR ASQUITH SHALL REVEAL REAL POSITION

Now, for the first time, bewildered Dr. Schnupfen remembered that these were the first newspapers he had read for forty days. He rang violently. "Bring me all last month's *Tageblatts*." The amazing, the incredible, the unrealisable had indeed happened.

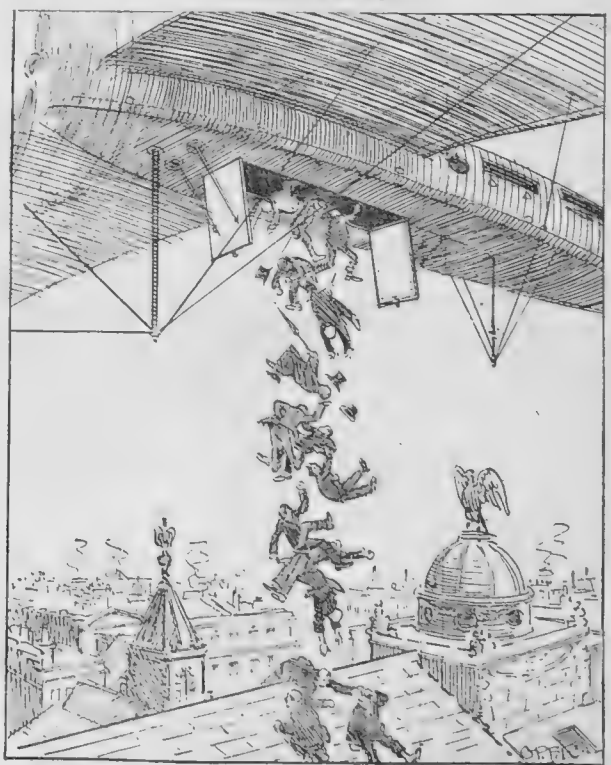
England and Germany had swopped Cabinets.

III

It happened so. The aspiring engineer, Walter Boots Lennard, of Widnes, invented a marvellous heavier-than-air machine which could fly ten thousand miles, float motionless over one spot, and carry a hundred passengers. Patriotically determined that England should benefit, he offered the machine gratis to the Cab[illegible]t. The Cabinet then had eighty members. When Lennard appeared with his offer, the Cabinet was busy. It had resolved to have an Inner Cabinet of ten members, an Outer Cabinet of twenty, and a Peripheral-Circumferential Cabinet of fifty members. It asked Lennard to wait. After waiting seven weeks, during which the enemy seized all Serbia, Lennard resolved that his machine should save England even against England's will.

He swooped in his machine down on Downing Street, snatched up the Eighty in his flying-machine, and sped across the grey North Sea to iniquitous Potsdam.

(Continued on page 308)



"He dropped the helpless Cabinet of Eighty into Potsdam Schloss"

SWOPPED RULERS! (*continued from page 307*)

In the Blue Hall of William the Wicked's Schloss sat Herr Bethmann-Hollweg, Herr General Falkenhayn, Herr Finance Secretary Helfferich, Herr Secretary for the Interior Delbrück. They were discussing the best way of applying Schnupfen's infamous invention.

To swop Cabinets was easy. Lennard emptied the helpless Cabinet of Eighty into Potsdam Schloss; seized the astonished Imperial Chancellor and his colleagues, and hurled them without ceremony into Downing Street, Number 10.

IV

Next day, in amazed Britain, Herr Bethmann-Hollweg (now British Premier), his three colleagues, and some tough martinets and experts whom Lennard brought with them, sat planning evil plots for England's triumph. And in Potsdam. . . . In Potsdam, when the Kaiser's favourite charwoman entered the Cabinet Sessions Room to clear up, she found puzzled William the Wicked seated at the table's head. Round the table sat the Eighty. They were busy discussing

"She found William the Wicked seated at the table's head. Round the table sat the Eighty"

details of ornamentation in a new motto for the German Empire. The motto was "*Wartet und Sehet!*" "Wait and See!"

V

Things developed amazingly.

When Dr. Schnupfen next took up the *Tageblatt* he discovered that all Germans were downcast, and all Britons uplifted; that there were queer stories about dissensions at Potsdam, and painful tales of British exultation. True, the position of Britons under their Prussian Cabinet was not always pleasant; but victory salves the worst wounds; and it seemed now that the *Entente* had won.

With pain, the *Tageblatt* announced that two million Britons had landed near Norderney Island, and were marching straight on Bremen. The only consolation, said the *Tageblatt*, is that Germany's new Britannia-ware Cabinet is carefully considering counter-measures. Also, the British are beginning to learn by experience what Militarist Barbarism means.

The *Tageblatt* explained. In a single week the rascally Bethmann-Hollweg and the unspeakable Falkenhayn had rushed through Parliament a Conscription Bill. This made trouble. Seven freeborn Berkshire lads refused to serve. "We have consciences," they said. With disgusting Prussian cynicism, the despots answered "We have bullets." And they shot the seven. A hundred gentlemen employed in a London munitions factory left work against orders. "We are tired!" they said. "Then we shall give you," said the despots, "an eternal rest!" After this no man in England had a conscience; and as the news arrived that Bremen had been captured, nobody cared.

VI

Meantime, to compensate for trivial military disasters, Germany was achieving freedom. The Radical *Tageblatt* rejoiced. Germans were being treated humanely and caressingly, and seven million speeches had been made. A Socialist, waving a red necktie, had stopped a military train at Saarbrücken. He explained politely that he had dropped his pipe at a level-crossing, and feared the train would crush it. Germany's British Cabinet appealed to his patriotism and promised him a new pipe. Next week, alleging that he had dropped his matches, the Socialist stopped a second military train. As result of this accident some absolutely necessary artillery was delayed half an hour, and Joffre captured Metz.

Germany's British Cabinet explained that this did not matter; as Metz was only a fortress; and when the Cabinet had reconstructed itself it would reconstruct Metz. It gave the Socialist a box of matches, appealed to his patriotism, and said that if he stopped a third train it would remonstrate with him firmly.

VII

Worse and worse grew the Central Powers' outlook; brighter and brighter the *Entente's*. This was not the fault of Germany's British Cabinet, which was fighting honestly and chivalrously. It was the fault of the unchivalrous cunning of England's new Prussian-blue despots. Britain's new Dardanelles Commander cabled to London that he could knock spots out of the Turks if he only had an extra 300,000 men. On this, Bethmann-Hollweg behaved in an un-English way. He read the despatch to Parliament, took out his handkerchief, and said with tears, "Alas! we must leave poor Monro in the lurch. We have no men.

(*Continued on page 309*)

SWOPPED RULERS ! (*continued from page 308*)

Yesterday we sent our last 300,000 to Jutland. They will march on Berlin. . . ."

That night rascally Bethmann-Hollweg ordered all London's newspapers to attack him for sending men to Jutland when they were wanted at the Dardanelles.

Germany's British Ministers were amazed at England's simplicity in thus revealing her plan. They recalled 300,000 Prussians who were on their way to strengthen Enver, and they sent them to face the British invaders in Jutland.

But no Britons came to Jutland. The 300,000 Britons landed unexpectedly at Enos ; and cut the Turks' communications with Stamboul.

VIII

Wicked Enver was frightened. He telegraphed to Potsdam that he could only restore communication if he were sent 400 field-guns, 80 Krupp Thick Berthas and Skoda " Pilseners," and 750,000 shells.

When Enver's appeal arrived the Cabinet of Eighty was discussing the problem in casuistry. " Ought one to lie in war ? " Deep abhorrence was expressed for Bethmann-Hollweg's falsehood. Of course, Enver must have his guns. But the Cabinet cabled :" Advise you not to hurry. Germany must take the best military advice. Since Moltke's days Germany has been guided by sound strategical principles."

" For Allah's sake, send the guns and shells," cabled frantic Enver.

" Don't be profane," answered the Cabinet. " We've just agreed that cussing is not right in war." And it began to super-hyper-reconstruct itself. A week later, the new British Army stormed Bulair lines ; and every Turk between Bulair and Tekke Burna perished. Stamboul fell.

IX

BERLIN IN PERIL !

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG GETS FREEDOM OF LONDON CITY !

HELFFERICH MADE A DUKE !

So started the next *Tageblatt* Dr. Schnupfen received. A Dutch banker, it said, had reliable news that England had now 20,000,000 under arms. As results of Helfferich's economies, this was costing no more than the old army. Helfferich's decrees had compelled Britons to save £10 a year a-head ; and that would half pay for the war. The *Tageblatt* admitted that Germany's case was hopeless. The Tsar had captured Koenigsberg fortress. The Cabinet of Eighty proclaimed that fortresses were no use ; that the capture of Koenigsberg would bring the Russians nearer to Berlin, and that the nearer the Russians came to Berlin the easier it would be for Germany to march out and beat them. To this the *Tageblatt* added that England, despite her victories, would soon get tired of being ruled by lunatic despots like Bethmann-Hollweg.

X

On the 1st of February, 1916, Berlin fell. It was attacked on the east by a Russian, on the west by a French, and on the north by a British Army. The Cabinet of Eighty had woke up ; and built fortifications. A steadfast garrison manned them. Had it not been for an undue accession of optimism the city might still be resisting.

The Cabinet of Eighty had issued a patriotic proclamation ending with the flourish, " Whatever happens, Germany will win. We must win."

Next day the Cabinet went down to inspect the earthworks. There was not a soldier in them. All had deserted. The Cabinet traced them to the Winter Garden in Friedrichstrasse. There sat Berlin's heroic garrison, swilling beer by the quart. " Why don't you go and defend your Fatherland ? " remonstrated the Cabinet.

" Why should we ? " asked the warriors. " You told us that whatever happens Germany must win. We're going to sit here and watch Germany winning."

When the Cabinet left the Winter Garden it found the *Entente's* patrols in Unter den Linden.

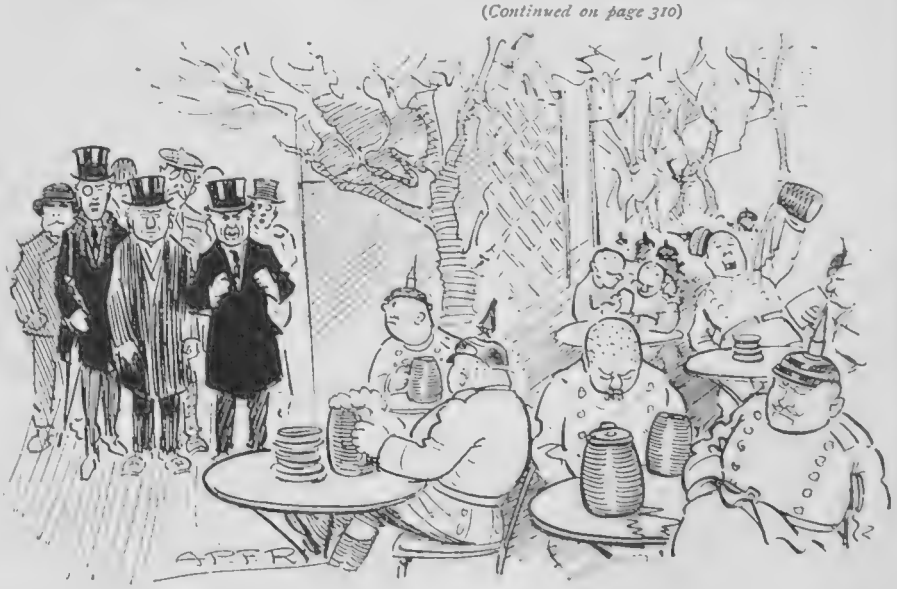
XI

All seemed lost except dishonour. But the peace conditions were singularly magnanimous. The *Entente* announced its unshakable will that Germany should not be humiliated. She would not be compelled to disarm ; she would not even be compelled to demobilise, though the *Entente* Powers solemnly pledged themselves to demobilise their forces. The *Entente* Powers offered to return all the captured guns ; and, as the German Fleet had been spoiled by rust, the *Entente* Powers even offered Germany some of their own Dreadnoughts.

" What generous treatment to a conquered foe ! " said the Cabinet of Eighty. " We sincerely appreciate. . . ."

" Wait and see," said the *Entente* diplomats. " We must insert one clause in the Peace Treaty, which will

(*Continued on page 310*)



"'Why should we?' asked the warriors. 'You told us that whatever happens Germany must win. We're going to sit here and watch Germany winning'"

SWOPPED RULERS! (*concluded from page 309*)

make you harmless, helpless, innocuous, however big your battalions. Be so good as to sign." And they pointed to Clause 47:

"Germany undertakes to keep permanently in office her Cabinet of Eighty. She will keep them in office till they die, and when they die she will appoint successors trained in the same sound school."

XII

Professor Dr. Schnupfen awoke. There were no *Tageblatts* about; and there on the floor lay Blum's tedious history, open at the page beginning "Swop Kings and we'll fight you again!" The bewildered Professor now sent for a real *Tageblatt*, and found that the *Entente* had not entered Berlin at all. Bethmann-Hollweg still tyrannised at Potsdam; and the Cabinet of St. James's was still reconstructing itself. Apparently there was no such person as the inventor Lennard, and the only news was a cable from London saying that the Cabinet of Eighty had once more announced its unshakable determination to . . . its unbreakable resolution to . . . its unconquerable will to WAIT AND SEE.

EDWARD EDGEWORTH

GERMAN THOROUGHNESS

The German fleet being unable to put to sea, our artist shows how the ships' crews carry on their training

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

Christmas in the Home—

—OF A PEACE-CRANK

(Toys supplied by relatives)

BY BERT THOMAS

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

IF there is one charge more than another of which the Germans may conscientiously claim to be as innocent as a Hebrew moneylender it is surely the kindly virtue of thoughtfulness and consideration for others, and it must always be a pleasure to place on record a lonely exception to the general rule. At a certain spot in Flanders British artillery had been shelling for some time the belfry tower in a small village which the Germans were using as an observation post. There was a limited amount of ammunition for this particular job, and strict orders were given to use it all on the tower and nowhere else. Even the best gunners make mistakes, of course, and it was only human that a good many shots should fall about the village. This distressed the Huns, who, sorrowful to see good shells wasted on the village by mistake, took counsel among themselves, and when the gunners woke up one morning they found the tower had disappeared in the night!

* * *

Despite his terrible tribulations the Belgian is still a simple soul, even as the Boche is steeped in guile, and the crafty Hun is ever exercising his kultured brain centres in evolving clever little dodges in push and go for the discomfiture of his enemies, such dodges being invariably visited first of all on the ingenuous Flem by way of experiment, just as the budding conjurer inflicts his tricks upon the family circle before making his bow to a coldly critical and unsympathetic world. It was a happy thought of a German aviator to fly behind the Belgian lines and drop a newspaper. Every Belgian within a three-mile radius rushed to pick that paper up. Hurriedly they whisked the pages over until a heavily scored passage arrested their attention. It dealt in detail with a remarkable cure effected by Dr. Zimmermann's Glutinous Globules for Chronic Backache. Amazed, they turned one to another for an explanation of this strange thing, and light only came to the crowd when a half-dozen bags of well-placed shrapnel dissolved with startling suddenness in the clear cold autumn air.

* * *

Some simplicity, without a doubt, but you can't really disturb a Belgian's peace of mind; he never gets really rattled be he never so *strafed*. A day or two ago we were passing through P—— at the time of the morning hate, and as we rattled across the *pavé* square we casually noticed that some women were sewing or something by the window of a house on the farther side of the Place. At that identical moment a shell landed on the roof of that very house and obscured it in a cloud of smoke and dust. With visage pale and nerves steeled to withstand the grisly ordeal of gathering up remnants of battered femininity we reversed abruptly and hurried to the scene of the tragedy. As we whizzed across the strip of garden, our backbones rattling at the thought of the next shell coming, the front door opened suddenly and the owner appeared, a huge pipe between his teeth and bearing tenderly in his hand a shell fuse. At sight of us a sunny smile broke out upon the fellow's honest countenance. "Ah, messieurs," he exclaimed delightedly, "vous cherchez un petit souvenir de la guerre? Voici une jolie fusée qui ne vous coutera que 5 francs," and we simply *had* to buy the damn thing, too; he wasn't going to let us get away without it.

* * *

It happened somewhere on the bounding blue not so very long ago. It is not necessary to explain all the circumstances, but the officers of a German captured craft—who had given ample proof that they were sportsmen—were given some dinner before being handed over for internment. They were treated with courtesy and consideration, and before leaving for the camp their Captain asked leave to express his keen appreciation and gratitude for the kindness and chivalry that had been shown them, and added that it would give them all the deepest pleasure if only they could do something in return.

* * *

The British commander pondered. "Well, there is one little thing," he said after a moment's cogitation. "If you wouldn't mind singing us a hymn of hate before you go we should be awfully obliged, we really should. . . ." But there was nothing doing.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

OUR ADAPTABLE ARMIES

Private Jones (late "Zogitoff," the comedy wire artist) appreciably reduces the quantity of HATE per yard of frontage

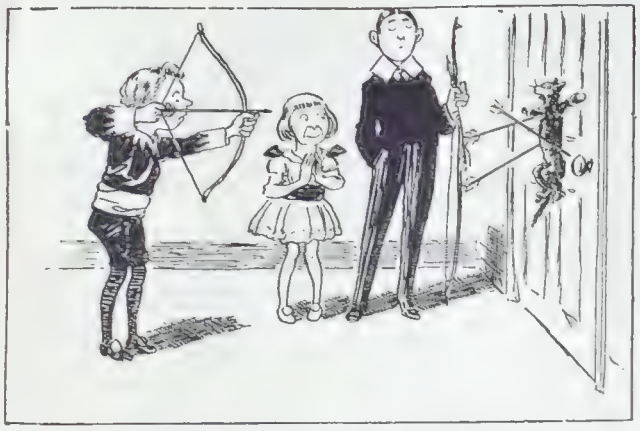
By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

War Types to-Date—No. 6

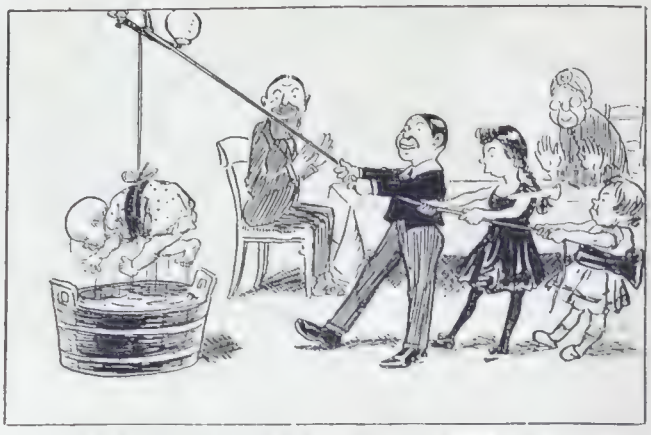
THE SIRENS

BY SUB.-LIEUT. ARTHUR WATTS, R.N.V.R.

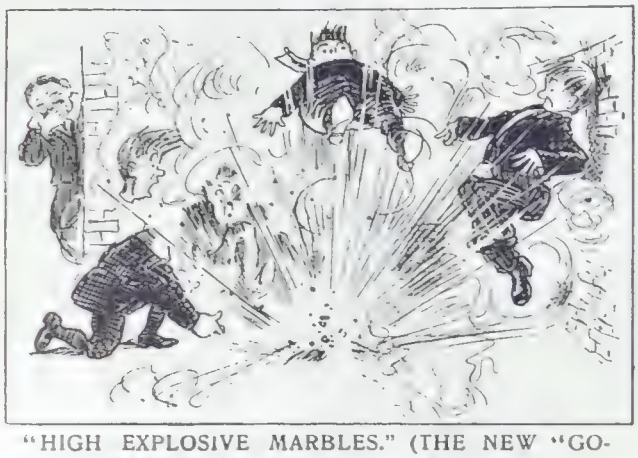
The Spread of Frightfulness:



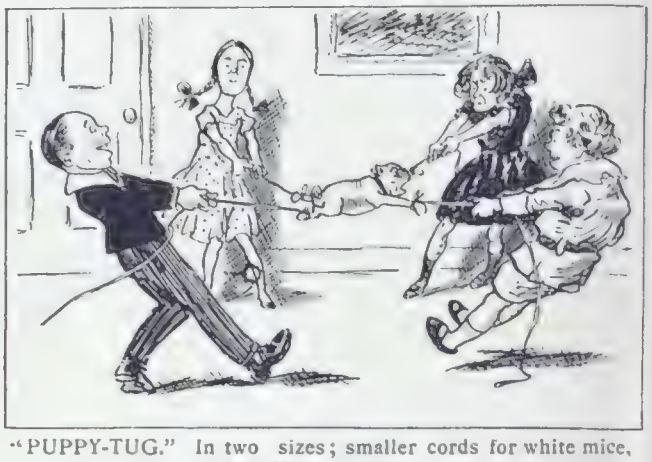
"PINKING PUSS." Combines instruction with amusement



"DUCKING THE 'DUCK.'" Provokes roars of merriment



"HIGH EXPLOSIVE MARBLES." (THE NEW "GO-BANG.") Introducing element of surprise



"PUPPY-TUG." In two sizes; smaller cords for white mice, &c. Very comical

"GASSING GRANDPAPA." Supplied in box containing six drain-testing smoke-rockets. Very mirth-provoking

"TARRING-THE-TWEENY." (Feathers can be procured from bed pillows)

FOR COLLECTING LIVE ANIMALS' EYES. (Stamps and cigarette pictures superseded.) Gouges, &c., provided

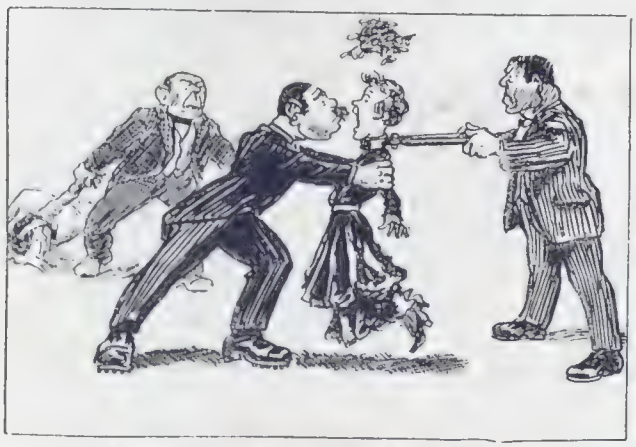
"THE ZABERN OUTFIT." (For treatment of uncivil civilian boys.) Consisting of stake, ropes, impregnated faggots, &c.

NEW AND UP-TO-DATE PASTIMES FOR THE YOUNGSTERS AT CHRISTMAS-TIME DEVISED BY UNCLE TOM

Helpful Hints for Young and Old

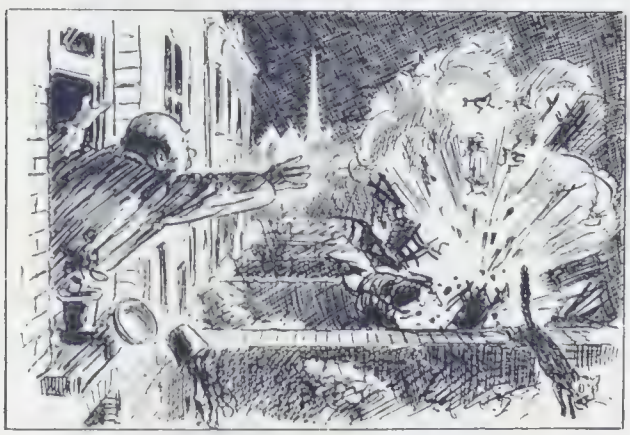
MUSICAL CHAIRS

BLIND MAN'S BUFF



KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE

GENERAL POST



GRENADING NEIGHBOUR'S FOWL-HOUSE BECAUSE OF NOCTURNAL ANNOYANCE

TOURISTS, TO AVENGE OVERCHARGE IN LUNCHEON BILL, FIRE ROADSIDE INN

FOOTBALL

THE WAITS

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE USE OF GROWN-UPS, SPECIALLY APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON OF PEACE AND GOODWILL

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

The Postman's Knock—Christmas, 1915

THREE FOR MASTER TOM

BY J. H. DOWD

The REFUGEE

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

"There, in the drizzling rain, stood a tall man in strange clothes"

IT was the evening of last Christmas Day, 1914, when the whole of Europe was shaken with the sounds of war, and the name of Christ, the Prince of Peace, sounded strange on the lips of those men of the Church, who scarcely knew what message to preach from their pulpits.

But the habits and customs of Christmas, these remained, even in the trenches in Flanders; for wherever there are children and the child in a man is still alive, these customs will maintain. You may kill a man on Boxing Day and in honest warfare, but you will spend a jolly Christmas with him first. This is hard to explain from any pulpit.

People went about their shopping much the same as ever, though deep below the sound of all festivities there was the murmur of battle somewhere in France, there was the muffled thunder of the guns, the far cry of nations in anger and revolt. All this you could hear beneath the cries of delight of the children in the toy-shops; yet, nevertheless, Christmas was much the same as usual. On Christmas Eve, the trains were full of passengers laden with their parcels, all of them those suspicious looking packages, containing just the very things some creature was looking for.

It was the same in the country as in London. On Christmas Day itself, as the light faded to the sullen grey of the winter's evening, lights began appearing in the cottage windows, brighter and more numerous than at any other time of the year.

In the village of R——, on the East Coast, when the murky light of evening had swiftly deepened at five o'clock into the darkness of night, you might have seen the flickering firelight in the cottage windows change to the brighter light of the lamps, before blinds were pulled down, shutting out the sight of the gloomy sky. The lowering of the blinds swiftly followed this change of light, and then there came upon the place all that appearance of security and seclusion, suggesting warmth and laughter, though, indeed, in some houses that winter there was little laughter to be heard.

At the Manor House of R—— all these changes might have been observed, only that beside the lamplight, which flooded out the light of the fire always lit in the oak-panelled hall on Christmas Day, there appeared, before the blinds were drawn, the numberless twinkling lights of tiny candles. A Christmas tree!

That was it. An old, old fashioned Christmas tree, dressed heavily with pink and green and white candles and weighted down with all those suspicious-looking parcels, of which you say nothing, pretending almost not to see them, yet never letting them quite escape your watchful eye. The pink and white candles, the coloured glass balls, the little glass peacocks with their spun glass tails that perch on the branches, you may exclaim with delight about these; but of the brown paper parcel, until it is placed in your hands, you must say nothing.

Charles, the old butler, was completing the final arrangements, putting the last touches to this great tree of twinkling lights that stood on the old refectory table in the hall of R—— Manor. Greyson, the parlourmaid, was helping him. Indeed, it is Greyson, who remembers the things Charles was saying to her, before that occurred of which I am about to tell.

"I wanted myself," said he, as he lit one of the last candles on the tree—"I wanted myself to have none of these festivities this Christmas. It's a mockery, that's the way I put it to the mistress. It's a mockery, with the master lying out there somewhere in France, p'raps not even buried, to tie those candles and gimcrack things and presents on the Christmas tree, just as we've done for the last seven years, ever since Master Harry was born."

Greyson lit a candle on her side of the tree and asked what the mistress had said to that.

"She looked at me very gently," replied Charles, "and she said, 'Are you considering your feelings or his, Charles?' That's what she said. Well, I didn't quite know what she meant by that, so I says, 'I'm considering his, ma'am.' 'Well, then,' she says, 'if you'll look deep into your own mind, Charles, because you've known Major Garroway ever since he was a boy, was he the sort of man who would prefer his death to be honoured with gloom and depression at such a time as this?' Then I knew what she meant, and I had to admit that he wasn't. 'Very well, then,'

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 318)

THE REFUGEE (continued from page 317)

says she, ' we'll have the Christmas tree and everything just the same as usual, and we won't say anything more about it.' "

" She's kept her word," said Greyson. " She's said nothing about it to me. Things might have been just the same as ever they was."

Charles shook his head backwards and forwards, as he tied a big blue glass ball on to one of the lower branches.

" The same do you call it ? " said he, and then he shook his head again. " Why, they always used to tie these things on to the Christmas tree themselves. I asked her if she was going to do it this time, and she just closed her eyes for one moment, just as if she was looking into herself for the courage women have to have at a time like this. And when she opened them again I could see she had found it. ' No,' says she quietly, ' let you and Greyson do it this Christmas,' she says,' while I keep the children in the dining-room.' Oh, she's got a great heart has Mrs. Garroway, as great a heart for a woman as he had for a man. When you think of the way she took it, when first she heard he was missing ; the way she held her head up and went about the house, laughing and playing with the children ; never telling them a word and answering all their questions when they asked her about their daddy ! There's no wonder, to my mind, she broke up as she did when they took the last hope away from her and sent her that telegram from the War Office, saying he was dead. And yet, what else could they suppose ? He'd been missing more than a month, and there was no report of the Germans having got him as a prisoner. I wasn't surprised to see her go to pieces, after all that strain had been put on her. Then we nearly lost her, didn't we ? My God ! I try to see the nobility of war, but I'm hanged if I can manage it ! It brings out great self-sacrifice, I've no doubt of that ; but there are other virtues in this world, and all of them have to go ! "

So Charles might have continued, as Greyson very truly observed, for he was a talkative old man ; so he might have continued till every candle was burnt out and every bauble dropping from the tree, but at that moment they heard the sound of footsteps on the paved pathway outside the hall door, and the next moment the door itself, which was locked, was tried. Someone had turned the handle, as though thinking, without ringing or knocking, to enter the house at will.

Greyson admits that it was a strange sound in their ears, for who could it be away from home on such a day and at such a time as that ? Yet even allowing for such a possibility, who could imagine that he had the right to open the door and enter the house without either knocking or ringing ? She says herself that the heart stood still in her, although there was nothing really to be afraid of. The Manor House was a lonely place, certainly, and stood some distance away from the village, but if Charles was an old man, there was the gardener in his cottage, not more than a couple of hundred yards away, and there was the chauffeur, who lived in the house itself. Besides which, it was not long after five o'clock in the afternoon. Nevertheless, the gloomy darkness outside and the unexpected sound of those footsteps, followed by the turning of the handle of the hall door, made her grow suddenly cold with apprehension, notwithstanding the heat of the fire in the hall and of those numberless candles they had just lighted on the Christmas tree.

" Who's that ? " she asked in a whisper.

Charles shook his head, and, as the handle was tried again, he walked without hesitation to the door and turned the key and pulled back the bolts. Greyson remembers thinking it was no small heart old Charles had beating in his breast to go so quietly as he did.

It was not with caution he opened it, either, as many a more timid man might have done, peering through the narrow aperture, but he flung it wide, and there, out in the drizzling rain, half hidden in the shadow of the trees and the gloomy sky behind him, stood a tall man, in strange clothes, a black beard, moustache and whiskers hiding the features of his face.

There he stood, and, as Greyson said, there stood Charles, and for a moment that seemed to her interminable, they said nothing. It was Charles at last who broke the silence.

" What do you want ? " he asked.

The man replied in French, as unintelligible to Greyson as it was to the butler.

" Can't you speak English at all ? " asked Charles.

" No, no," said the stranger. " Understand—yes. Speak ? No—no—vairy leetle."

It was as Charles looked round at Greyson in that helpless way of an Englishman when he is dealing with a foreigner whose language he does not understand, it was then that, in the most perfect English, the man suddenly said :

" Silly ass, Charles ! "

In an instant the butler had wheeled round again on his heel, and, with a little cry she did her best to suppress, Greyson dropped the box of coloured candles she was carrying in her hand.

" My God, sir ! " exclaimed Charles.

Greyson had no memory of what she said or did, for there was her master, Major Garroway, who, for these last four months, they had all believed to be dead. Only his voice, as he spoke those words in English, was recognisable ; but once he had said them, it was impossible to make any mistake. The disfiguring beard and whiskers and moustache, hiding all those features of his face they knew so well, the foreign-looking clothes which had all seemed so thoroughly in keeping with his French tongue, one and all they fell from him like a disguise when once he had spoken those three words in the voice they had heard so often and never expected to hear again.

" My God, sir ! " repeated Charles, when words came from his mind and were not without volition on his lips, " we thought you were dead ! "

Garroway stepped into the hall and looked about him, but just over the threshold, and no more. As though he were a stranger intruding where he was not wanted, Charles stood immovably in his way.

" Yes, I suppose they reported me dead," said Garroway, " but I'm not. I got away. How—how are they all ? Eh ? How are they ? "

" All right now, sir, now that madam's settling down to it, but—but——."

(Continued on page 320)

AFFRONT FROM THE REAR

THE REFUGEE (continued from page 318)

"But what?"

"We nearly lost her, sir. She heard you was missing at first, and she bore up with hope wonderfully for a month, and then——."

"They said I was killed?"

"Yes, sir—and she broke up then. For nigh on a month she was at death's door."

"Were the children told I was killed?"

"No, sir, not yet. Madame thought she'd wait till—till after Christmas and let them have their little party as happy as possible."

Just as a man whose emotion is more than he cares to show, Garroway was about to push his way past the butler and stride impulsively into the hall. No less impulsively Charles caught him by the arm.

"For God's sake, sir," said he, "don't come into the house! You don't understand; you don't understand at all!"

"Don't understand what? Good God! Can't I come into my own house? Why, I've timed this thing to a minute. I ought to have been reporting myself at the War Office; but I came here first, just — just because I wanted to be in time for the Christmas tree. Last night, I crossed over with a lot of Belgian refugees. Ever since the retreat from Mons, where I was wounded, I've been creeping about Belgium in disguise; hiding here, hiding there, like a rat in a sewer—growing this beard, dressed in these clothes, learning their talk, until I could dare to go out into the streets and talk to the German soldiers and they didn't know me from a Belgian civilian. And always I've been waiting my chance, waiting my chance, till at last it came! I slipped over the frontier into Holland, and now, when I get back on Christmas Day, you won't let me into my own house. What's the mystery about it?"

"'Can't you speak English at all?' they heard her ask him"

Charles still clung to his arm.

"There is no mystery about it at all, sir; but madam couldn't stand this second shock, sir, not like this she couldn't. You don't realise, sir, what she's been through. How could you? God knows you've had dangers and troubles enough of your own, and it's reasonable enough you wanting to come back like this on Christmas Day, sir, but upon my oath, it 'ud have been better you'd gone and reported yourself at the War Office and she'd just heard in their casual way of letting people know things."

Greyson declares she never saw disappointment so deeply written on any man's face as upon Major Garroway's, when he heard this. He just stepped back again into the porch, and his head dropped down on his chest, as though like a child that is told it cannot go to a party it has so long looked forward to.

"Do you mean the shock would be too great for her, Charles?" he asked, and his eyes just lifted, and he took one look at that lighted Christmas tree, like a boy out of the gutter, who knows the festivities of the rich man's house are not for him.

Greyson talks about the lump that came into her throat when she saw that look of his, and I can well believe it.

"That's what I mean, sir," said Charles. "When a lady keeps silence about a thing like she does, it means it's gone pretty deep, sir. I know it must be very hard to understand now, just the very moment you've got back; but you've been out there doing things, sir, risking your life, I know that, but doing things all the time, every moment of every day, full of danger, full of excitement, no time to feel the real meaning of anything—not even the war you've been fighting in. At home here, we can do nothing but sit and wait, and it's a cruel time that for thinking, sir, especially for a woman. There's twice the meaning in things that happen for them, sir—and I tell you honest, she couldn't bear another shock, not sudden like this, however happy it 'ud make her."

Garroway looked up straight into Charles's face.

"You think I'd better go away, then?" he said, and he would not look at the Christmas tree a second time. "Better find a train up to London and report myself in the ordinary way at the War Office?"

"Oh, my God, sir, don't put it on to me!" began Charles. "You didn't see her like we did, that month. The doctor told me himself——"

So he had begun, and there he stopped. The door of the dining-room had opened and then closed again. Mrs. Garroway had come out into the hall.

"We're getting so impatient, Charles," she said. "Haven't you——?"

Garroway drew back further into the shadows of the porch as she stopped.

"Who's there?" she inquired, and she looked at Greyson, and she looked at Charles.

With an effort, of which Greyson assures me she never thought him capable, the butler came forward, leaving Garroway half-concealed in the porch.

"It's—it's a Belgian refugee, madam," he said, confidentially, coming back into the hall and speaking

THE REFUGEE (continued)

"He told them the whole story of his own escape"

in an undertone, as though in consideration for the feelings of the man.

Perhaps he hoped that his mistress would ask no further questions, but that was not her way.

"A Belgian refugee?" she said. "But how did he get here? What does he want?"

"Can't make out rightly, madam. He speaks very little English."

Mrs. Garroway went to the hall door, and, I am sure it was no exaggeration on Greyson's part, when she said they stood there beside the Christmas tree, with their breath held, expecting every moment to hear the heart-rending cry of her recognition. But it did not come.

"Can't you speak English at all?" they heard her ask him.

"*Un p'tit peu, seulement, madame,*" they heard him reply, and he added quickly, "*mais je le comprends fort bien.*"

"But how do you happen to be in this part of the world?"

He told her that when he had disembarked he had not gone up to London with the rest of the refugees. She looked back into the hall, at the glowing fire, the cheery light of the candles on the Christmas tree. They could see her mind comparing it with the gloomy darkness and the rain outside. Greyson felt a sickness of apprehension as she realised her mistress's half-formed intention to invite him within. For one moment only it was half-formed, the next the decision had come to her. The door of the dining-room had tentatively opened, and a boy's voice had called out.

"Mummy! Aren't you ready? We can't wait any longer!"

"We're just ready, darling," she called back, and then quickly she turned to that waiting figure in the porchway. They knew well enough what was passing in her mind. How could she turn him out again into the night, this homeless man, in face of such home comforts as these?

"My children are just going to have their Christmas tree," she said. "Won't you come in?"

The look that Charles sent him behind Mrs. Garroway's back, importuning him to refuse, never reached him. His eyes were all for his wife. What man could have refused? He stepped into the hall. Charles came forward and took his hat. His hair was grown long and unkempt upon his forehead.

"Not even in that light, and knowing who he was," said Greyson to me, "should I have known it was the master."

Mrs. Garroway was no less deceived, though there was one moment when she looked long at him, yet not as one who recognises, but rather as one in whom a memory has been awakened. Nevertheless, it was a moment of suspense to them, passing away as she came closely to his side, saying:

"When my children come out and hear that you have come from Belgium they will ask you about my husband. They—they know nothing. They think he is still fighting at the front. I—I have tried to keep their Christmas happy for them, but—but——" Here for the first time her voice faltered, but she gathered her courage and went bravely on—"it's not true. He—he was killed in the retreat from Mons. But they are very curious creatures. They are not satisfied with my word. I—I have to invent the letters that I receive from him and the news he sends. They want proof for everything. They are bound to ask you questions. Perhaps—perhaps you could help me. I have told them he was wounded—wounded at Mons. There are so many who come back wounded that they practically forced me to tell them that." A pathetic

(Continued on page 324)

"His arms were ready to catch her as she swung into her moment of oblivion"

A Tale fron

"Now come and

om the Front

l tell it to mother"

BY BERT THOMAS

THE REFUGEE (concluded from page 321)

smile crept into her face. "I don't think they would have thought he was fighting properly if he had not been wounded."

"Has madame told them"—he spoke in broken English—"that Monsieur came home?"

"Oh, no! He was only slightly wounded, I said; just in the arm, and has got quite well again."

"*Eh bien, madame,*" replied Garroway. "*Je vais faire de mon mieux.*"

She turned away and walked to the dining-room door, opening it and saying: "Come along, creatures! It's all ready and there's a grand surprise for you!"

What a surprise it was, if she had known!

They rushed out, the two girls and the boy, shouting with delight, like children trooping out of school, their cries dropping to silence on their lips directly they saw the strange man standing in the hall.

I have Charles's opinion upon this, that the control which Major Garroway exercised then upon himself was almost more than that of men. There he stood, just as if he were a stranger, before these creatures dearest to him in all the world.

"This gentleman is a Belgian," said Mrs. Garroway. "He has just come over to England. Go and say how do you do and wish him a happy Christmas."

One by one, solemnly, with outstretched hands, they came to him saying, "A happy Christmas, Mr. Belgian." The youngest girl came last. His favourite, so Charles said to me. And it was not an outstretched hand she gave to him, but a little face upturned, with lips already pouted for her kiss. No man in the world could have resisted that. He picked her up in his arms and kissed her twenty times.

"Oh! You skeeze!" she cried, and with many apologies on his foreign tongue he put her down.

"Now," said Mrs. Garroway, "this gentleman has got something to tell you"—she forced the lump back in her throat—"has got something to tell you about Daddy. Are you going to hear that first, or shall we have the presents?"

In one voice they all cried "Daddy!"

She turned to him with a smile that would have rent the heart in any man.

"This shall be your present, monsieur," said she.

Who could have expected him not to have been moved? For a few moments he could not speak, but no suspicions were aroused in her because of that. After what she had told him, no one would have been surprised to see his emotion.

At last he began.

"After the first few words," Charles told me, "I saw the idea that was in his mind."

He told them the whole story of his own escape; how he was wounded at Mons, his creeping through the German lines, his hiding in Brussels until he had learnt the language and disguised himself as a Belgian, so that he could even speak with impunity to the German soldiers in the streets. And all this as the story of her husband, whom she believed to be dead.

They listened with their little mouths open. It was the most engrossing story they had ever heard.

"And when's Daddy coming home?" they all asked, when he had finished.

"As soon as he get to Antwerp," said he, "and what you say—slip—the frontier."

And all the time as he told his tale in his broken English his eyes were wandering backwards and forwards to his wife. She sat there in a trembling silence, her own eyes never turning from the fire, where all the memories of the happy past were dancing in the flames.

"Oh, monsieur, if only it were true," she whispered to him as he made an end. "Why shouldn't it be true? These are the things I hoped and hoped until—until they told me the truth."

Her lips were quivering, and then she forced a smile into her eyes—a smile for them that had no meaning in her heart.

"Come along," said she, as she stood up. 'Now for the Christmas tree. Charles—have you got the scissors there?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you can begin to take the presents off."

Garroway rose to his feet, and came to the table where the Christmas tree was standing.

"It ees the proper sing—I give my little present," said he, and turned to Charles. "*Apportez-moi un p'tit morceau de papier gris, s'il vous plaît,*" he said.

Charles looked his bewilderment.

"He wants a piece of grey paper, Charles," explained Mrs. Garroway. "But monsieur," she added, "you must not give me any present. It has been pleasure enough to have you here."

"Oh, no! no! no!" he exclaimed with well assumed foreign excitement; "no! no! I give my present!" And when Charles came with the grey paper he slipped something secretly out of his pocket swiftly wrapped it up, and, tying it with string, he hung it on the tree.

"I have not the present for all," said he. "*Voilà!* this is for madame."

"Open it now, mummy! Open it now!" they cried out.

"No, no!" said he. "It shall be the last of all."

Such a scrambling there was for all the presents then! Taking the scissors from Charles, it was Garroway himself, as in the times gone by, who cut them from the tree. Then came the last of all; that little present in its wrapping of grey paper. With trembling fingers he cut that from the tree and brought it to his wife.

"For you, madame," said he.

As though with some subconscious presentment, she paused before she opened it. Then slowly she pulled the wrapping off as they all crowded round. Another moment and there it lay in her hand—her own miniature: the little picture of herself in its gold frame that he had always worn around his neck.

She looked up into his eyes, her senses swaying between joy and doubt.

"It's true, then, monsieur?" she whispered.

He made as though to speak a word in private in her ear.

"Yes, my dear, it's true enough," he said in his own voice, and his arms were ready to catch her as she swung into her moment of oblivion.

E. Temple Thurston

The Perils of Peace

"We shall cheer you, thank you, kiss you, when you come back again"

BY G. P. CARRUTHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT

FUN!—IT'S HEAVEN

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

THE room was lit by a skylight from above, so that it resembled a tank in which dim fishes swim listlessly. The walls were of varnished grey paint; an immense and lamenting Christ hung upon a cross above the empty grate; a mildewed portrait of the last Pope but one made a grim spot of white near the varnished door. On a deal chair beside the deal table the old doctor sat talking to the very old lay sister who stood before him, twisting her gnarled fingers in her wooden beads.

"Whatever it is," he said, and he waved his hand round to indicate the grim room. "This isn't my idea of it. That is what I told the child."

"There need be no limits to one's idea of it," the lay sister said. "What was it you told the poor child? I have not, you must remember, heard anything at all," she added, "Dicky Trout, I suppose, is killed. And he was to have married her? He was a dear young boy."

"He had been just ninety minutes in the trenches. And shot through the head! Ninety minutes! And dead! It's what they call rotten luck. They were both my godchildren." He said the words with a certain fierceness of resentment.

"I know," the lay sister said patiently.

The same resentment was in the old doctor's tone.

"What sort of work was it for me?" he asked, "to console her. What is there to say? How can you console a child of nineteen whose lover of twenty-two has been shot through the head after ninety minutes in the trenches? There is no consolation. It is the most final thing in the world. You cannot make any comments."

"There are always the consolations of religion," the lay sister said. "Believe me, they are very real."

"But how do they come in when you talk to a child like Joan about the death of a boy like Dicky Trout? What are you to say? 'The Lord giveth and the Lord . . .'"

He stopped and then began again with his fierce energy.

"Do you know what she said to me? Do you know? She said: 'It isn't possible that he won't ever have any fun again; not any fun! The lights, and the white paint; and the young girls; and the tea, and the river, and the little bands playing 'Hitchy Koo.' He wanted it so; oh, he wanted it so.' I couldn't stand it. I tell you I had to say that he would have it all again. The lights and the river and the teashops and the little bands playing 'Hitchy Koo.'"

The lay sister had nothing to say. The doctor went on:

"I'm not a well-read man. Someone once said, 'If there had not been any God we should have had to invent one.' Who was it?"

"I think it was Voltaire," the lay sister answered. "It does not matter. What did you tell the child?"

"I'll tell you," the doctor answered. "You know her father was too busy with his regiment; her mother is a permanent invalid. I'm for ever in the house. Professionally. And Joan wanted to see the places in which his last weeks were spent; his billets; the range where he fired. . . . Well, I went with her, a long way into the Midlands. And we saw them: his billets and the sergeants who had known him and the range where he had fired. I think it was the range that did it.

"You see, what moved me so extraordinarily was her perpetual cry: that she wanted him to have had some fun—because he wanted it so! If she had said she wanted him back for herself—or if she had even cried! But no; she just said, over and over again, that he wanted it so! Fun! It's a curious thing for a young girl to want for her dead sweetheart; but I daresay there was nothing better or truer or more feminine that she could have wanted for him. And, just as God was invented, if He did not indeed exist—so, suddenly, Fun came into existence. On those ranges.

"Try to imagine the Mosslott Range for yourself. In the squalid suburbs of a hideous city, on a dirty,

(All rights strictly reserved)
Continued on page 328)

FUN!—IT'S HEAVEN (continued from p. 327)

flat expanse of sordid grass, some banks of clay, like long graves. And, in them, beneath the squalid clouds, clay-coloured figures reclining, intent, gazing at the banks before them, at a distance. And flat, black shapes, like the heads and shoulders of devils, peep up over the banks in front and lob away. Fun!

"And when you turned your head you saw an immense row of retorts, in silhouette. A long way off, but immense! Eighteen of them, shutting in the horizon, with plumes of dim flames running away down the wind and invisible smoke because the sky was just smoke! Fun! The proper fun for a boy of twenty-two, the sweetheart of a girl of nineteen. Well, I suppose it is all right.

"At any rate, in that *dêcor*, as the French would call it, Joan caught hold of my arm, and cried out:

"'Oh; do you think God can forgive him. . . . For practising here to take away lives. . . . Every time he hit a dummy.'

"'My dear," I said, 'God has a special pardon for soldiers. If they kill, they don't kill for themselves, but for you and me.'

"'Oh, are you sure!' she said. 'Can we be sure?'

"I don't know what it was happened then; something cracked in me at the tones of her voice—for there, with the rifles popping away in the middle distance, the first thing was that a band—quite a little band—was playing. Yes, it was playing what undoubtedly was 'Hitchy Koo.'

"Now you are to understand that I have always taken a desultory interest in the uniforms of the British Army. I know that the infantry, for instance, in the reign of Queen Anne wore scarlet coats with facings, breeches, and long black gaiters. But I had a vague idea that the hat was the Kevenhuller. It was not—as you shall hear.

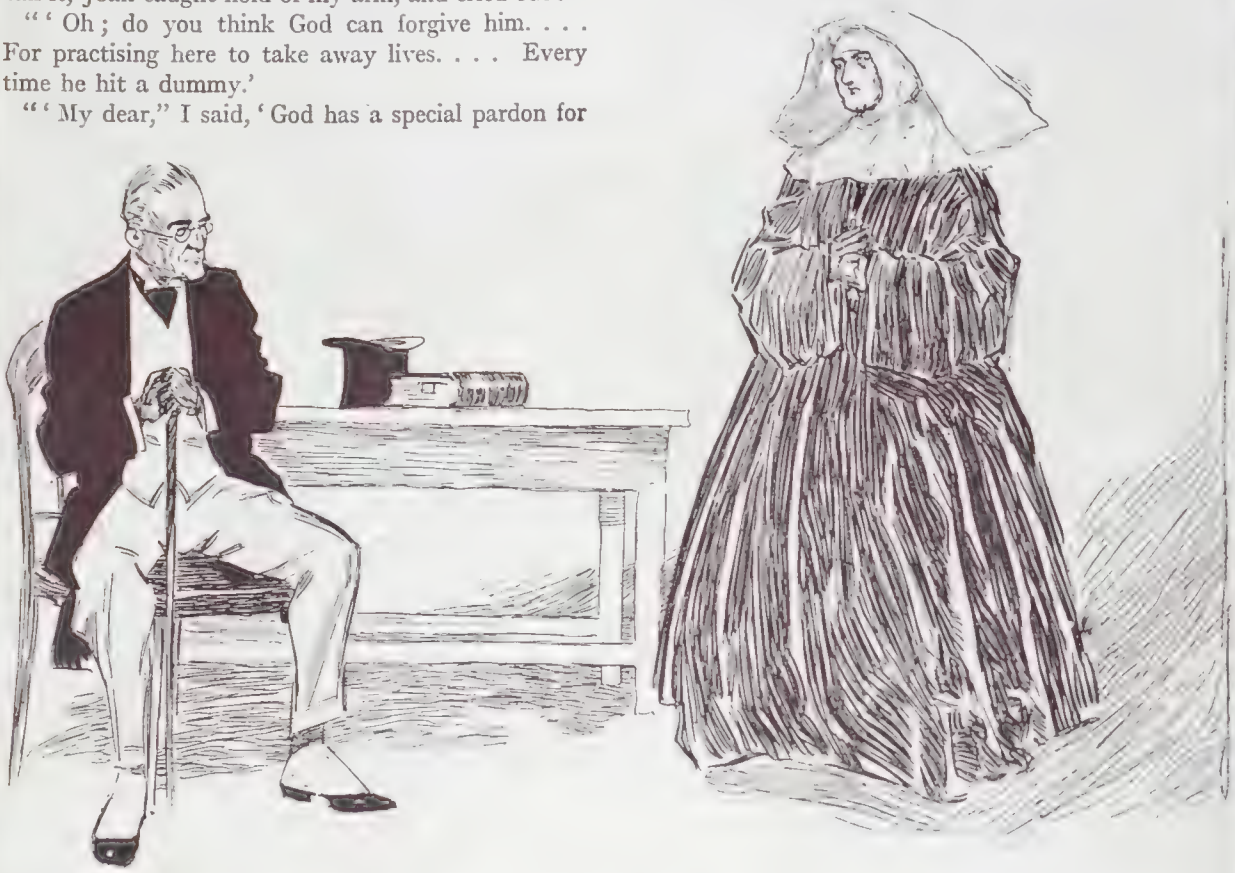
"For I found myself in a long street, like St. James's Street, going into the doorway of a teashop where the band was—the band that was playing 'Hitchy Koo.' And the ante-room was full of tall young men—fine young men—in scarlet coats, with rifles and breeches and black gaiters. And their hats had cockades and were three-cornered. Kevenhuller hats I thought they were.

"Well, as I went in a young blonde fellow was calling out:

"'Ypres! Stap my vitals! A man would be a mole if his blood boiled not at that name.'

Others cried:

"'Have the rout beaten!'



"I'm not a well-read man," said the doctor. "Who was it said that if there had not been any God we should have had to invent one?"

"And:

"'Call out the gentlemen of the firing platoons.'

"They laughed and cheered, and their scarlet coat-tails whisked. I think it was 'To Wipers!' that they cried, and then there was no one there. The long white inner room was full of young men—quite young men—in that dun colour, with the brass buttons. You have seen khaki, sister? Once, through the grille in the door? And you saw Dicky Trout before he went? Well, then, that room was full of young men in khaki, sitting at little tables, laughing with the young girls, chaffing the waitresses even—and eating éclairs.

"And Dicky Trout got up from a table and came towards me, laughing:

"'They're going to Ypres, those fellows,' he said,

(Continued on page 330)

Passed by the Censor—

—BUT NOT FOR PUBLICATION

BY ALFRED LEETE

FUN!—IT'S HEAVEN (concluded from p. 325)

'won't they make the beggars run! I was fed up with Ypres; but it's all the fun of the fair here. And Joan will be here! Joan will be here! Fun! I tell you it's Heaven.'

"That was all I saw, just that glimpse . . . and then—it was the range again and the irregular sounds of the rifles. And Joan was talking to a sergeant who had known Dicky Trout; his eyes were full of tears.

"Well, sister, I suppose you'll say I was wrong. But that evening, in the train, I told Joan what I had seen. You'll say it was wrong. You'll say it was deluding her with false hopes. But put it how you will I believe I was right. It would not be decent if I was not right—if Heaven wasn't like that for those poor young things. God must be good to them. He must. If He were not we should have to make Him. They die for you and for me. It's our business to invent a fit heaven for them. Don't say I'm wrong."

"'You've got to go with me to the sisters,' she said, 'I must take the veil. I have heard a voice'"

"That," the old lay sister said, "is a matter for theologians. No doubt God is rich enough to provide teashops for all who die for us. We do not know what Heaven will be like."

"And the strange thing," the Doctor continued, "is not the story—you know the story—that Marlborough's men got out of their graves and fought for us at Ypres. Though it's a fine story. Damn it; it's a fine story. They couldn't lie there still and let our men be beaten back. No; the strange point for me is this:

"This morning, when I went to see Joan she was smiling as I had never seen her smile. And she said: 'You've got to go with me to the sisters. I must take the veil. I have heard a voice. But it wasn't the Kevenhuller hat they wore at Ypres. It was a proper cocked hat with a cockade — the Ramillies hat and the Ramillies tie-wig they came to be called.'

"I asked her how she knew that; I couldn't see how she could. And she answered:

"'Dicky told me. At the little table, three from the orchestra on the right. He's having such fun. They were playing, 'Get Out or Get Under,' and he wanted to get under the table, but I wouldn't let him. Fun! It was Heaven.'"

. . . . . .

The old Doctor paused; the lay sister said nothing.

"For myself," the Doctor said at last, "I believe that Heaven will be like that. I believe that, as you say, God is a very rich man—and that He has imagination too. And I come back to that: that if there were no Heaven we should have to invent one. For what is the sense of the world without it? Here is Dicky Trout dead—and Joan taking the veil—I suppose so that she may pray that Dicky has some fun."

The lay sister sighed:

"I should like to hear the tune of 'Get Out and Get Under,'" she said. "I never saw a teashop in my life."

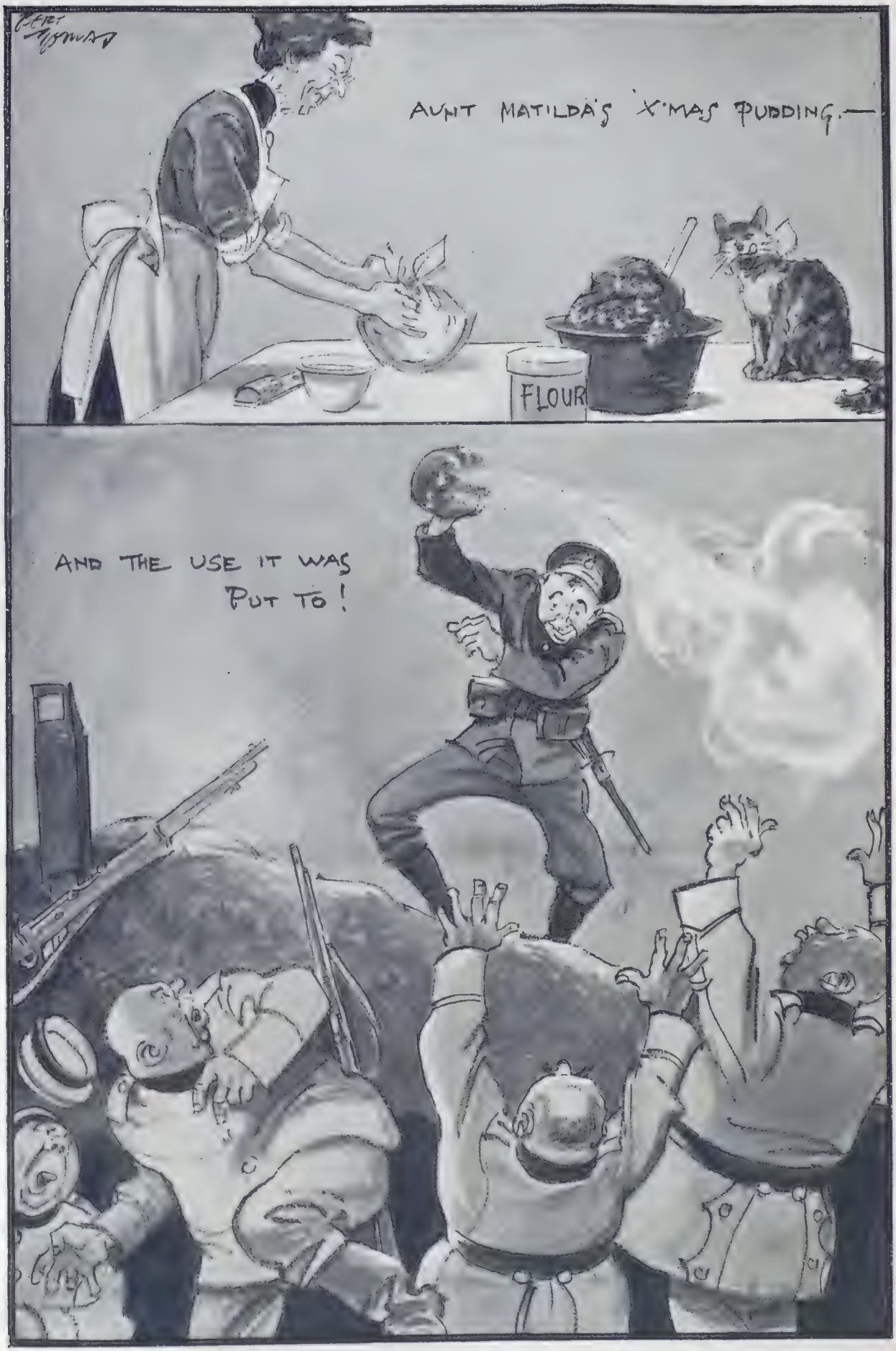
"You shall! You shall!" the Doctor said. "As for the tune, you must have heard the bands playing it as the drafts go by—to Flanders. It goes. . . ."

And he began to hum the jerky melody whilst the old Religious nodded her head. In a room above the young girl was trying to persuade the Mother Superior that she had the vocation for that cloistral life. Her sweetheart lay dead in Flanders.

Assuredly if there were no Heaven we whom Flanders has not yet claimed must will one into existence—with all the volition of united humanity.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

How Private Blank Gained the D.C.M.



BY BERT THOMAS

The Right Stuff in Fiction

THE PROBLEM OF THE WAR-TIME NOVELIST

The Novel of To-Day

It may have occurred to you while reading certain recently published novels which have a modern setting that the problems there dealt with are, to say the least, out of date. You may have thought to yourself: What can it matter whether Angelina wanted to become a militant or not? Why should Mrs. A. bother her head about getting into Society? Is it not rather a mockery to read of these smart country-house parties with their brilliant conversations when everybody knows that most of the houses so described are in reality filled with our wounded, and the hostesses themselves, as often as not, are sweeping their own floors? In other words, you may have felt that it may be amusing, but it is no longer real. The war has come to alter things, and these novels are no longer reflecting life as it is. It may even seem to you that these novels are a hollow mockery.

The Novelists

Some of the novelists themselves seem to have felt so much. You will find the war intruding, not always artistically, into a story somewhere about page 200, and you have the suspicion that the novel does not end as the author originally intended. It is easy to understand how this has come to be. The novelist is no different from anybody else. Sitting down to his work, he must have found more than the usual amount of concentration necessary. Only a great effort on his part will have overcome the idea in his mind as to the unimportance of his hero's exploits. Edwin may marry or obtain his divorce or kill his best friend; does it matter very much? Yet novels must be written. The librarians will tell you that more people are reading fiction in these dark London nights of ours than ever before.

The War or Not the War?

The question naturally arises: the war or not the war? Do you want to read thrilling tales of the trenches, or of our real life at home to-day, or do you still want the old stories of love and smart society and psychological problems? Are you willing to be amused by a little "mockery"? Do you not wish for something that will take your mind from the war—if only for a couple of hours? I fancy that most of you do. I fancy that at the present time "light stuff" is more than usually popular, even among the most seriously minded. It is surely typical of the day that Sir Arthur Pinero in his preface to the printed edition of *The Big Drum* (Heinemann: 1*s*. 6*d*. net) should write, apropos of the changed ending at the St. James's Theatre: "I made the alteration against my principles and against my conscience, and yet not altogether unwillingly. For we live in depressing times; and perhaps in such times it is the first duty of a writer for the stage to make concessions to his audiences, and, above everything, to try to afford them a complete, if brief, distraction from the gloom which awaits them outside the theatre." Now it is to be noticed that Sir Arthur prints his play with the original unhappy ending, but surely that

(*Continued on page 334*)

MISS SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Whose first novel, "The Auction Mart," published last Spring, was a pronounced success, and is recommended in the accompanying article as suitable for reading in war-time

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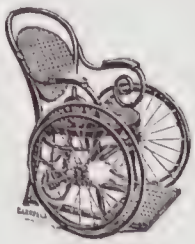

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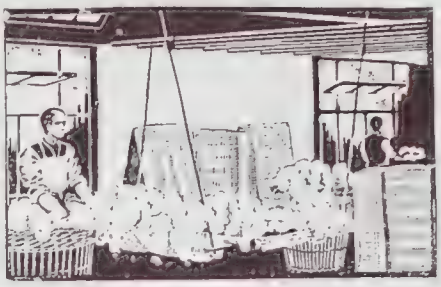

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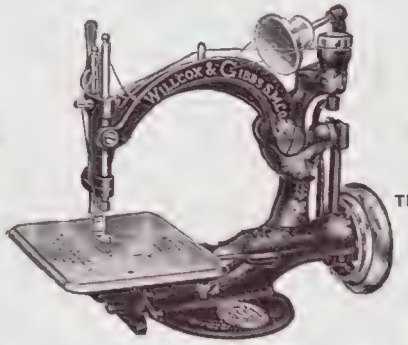

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THE RIGHT STUFF IN FICTION (concluded from page 332)

is because he, in common with everybody else, knows that peace must ultimately come. And then the old domestic problems will once again loom large on the horizon.

MISS MARIE CHER

Author of "The Immortal Gymnasts," an entetaining novel of a distinctly original type, and therefore admirably suited to the needs of the time

The war is not going to alter human nature.

The Ordinary Novel

And it is, perhaps, for this reason that most of you will be able to forgive your favourite novelist for writing a "modern" story which really belongs to those antediluvian days before the fatal August 4th. The "mockery" of its setting is merely temporary. You forgive the anachronism the more easily because it is on account of it that you are able to forget the present horror. Also, after peace, these very novels may read true. That we are to find changes in every rank of life no one doubts, but many things will still be the same. And so I hold a brief for the ordinary modern novel which eschews the war; and believe that if the war is to be brought in, it should not intrude haphazardly on page 200. Yet it is possible to write a novel of to-day which at once reflects real life and has nothing to say of the horrors of war. Mrs. Horace Tremlett has done the thing in her *Looking for Grace* (Lane: 6*s*.), which is one of the most amusing books of the season. This, however, is an exception.

A Selection

Looking back through the last few months, a few novels stand out from the rest as good specimens of that "light stuff" which seems to me to be particularly desirable "literary fodder" to-day. Miss Sydney Tremayne's *The Auction Mart* (Lane: 6*s*.), Mr. Locke's *Jaffery* (Lane: 6*s*.), and Mr. Wells's *Bealby* (Methuen: 6*s*.) were all excellent. Then there are Miss Marie Cher's *The Immortal Gymnasts* (Heinemann: 6*s*.) and Mr. J. D. Beresford's *The Mountains of the Moon* (Cassell: 6*s*.). It is safe to say that the war will fade away from your ken with any of these books in your hands. And quite recently Mrs. Maud Churton Braby has published *The Honey of Romance* (Werner Laurie: 6*s*.), which, to my mind, is just the sort of novel that should go well to-day.

MRS. MAUD CHURTON BRABY

Whose novel, "The Honey of Romance," is reviewed on this page, and recommended for present-day consumption

"The Honey of Romance"

Here the background is a publisher's office, and if you wish to hear something of authors as they really are, Mrs. Braby is the person to let you into all the secrets. Robert Trevor is the respectable publisher, whose "imprint" has never yet been sullied. You may be perfectly sure that anything *he* publishes can safely be read by the young person. Yet after twenty years of married life Robert has tired of his wife Ernestine, who has been responsible for not a little of his success, and Ernestine, poor neglected woman, is fascinated by a young poet with a beautiful face. Robert, the old villain, wants to marry a young girl from the country, and seeks the aid of the law. The law informs him that if he is willing to allow himself to be divorced, the thing *might* be arranged. And so matters proceed until Robert learns, by a ludicrous mistake on his wife's part, of Ernestine's affair with the poet. And then you are initiated into the ways of the King's Proctor, and it is all most unpleasant for everybody except the reader. The story itself is undoubtedly interesting, but I fancy it may be those amusing little sidelights into the lives of authors which may be mainly responsible for the success of the book. What could be more delicious than Mrs. Rendlesham's methods of satisfying her vast public's craving for love-stories? And will not one or two well-known writers be wondering whether *they* have been pilloried? Mrs. Braby could very easily have been unkind, for authors often have failings, not always seen outside literary circles, which are particularly unpleasant, but she is only amusing. And when you come to her last page you wake up to the fact of the war with more than the usual shock. R. S.

MR. J. D. BERESFORD

Whose latest book, "The Mountains of the Moon," reviewed in last week's "Bystander," is likewise recommended on this page as fiction proper for war-time

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This mirror is of hammered and burnished nickel-silver, size 5in. by 3¾in. Unbreakable. Case solid pigskin, lined chamois leather. No. 946. **6/-**

DORIC ENVELOPE
A charming and fashionable design, black Morocco with effective blue, green, purple or maroon stripe. With coin purse to match. No. 3420. **25/-**

SEWING BASKET
The complete Sewing Basket. More necessary to-day than ever before. In tan wicker with crushed leather lid. Satin lined. Size, 10½in. by 8¼in. by 4in. No. 2298. **35/-**

SILK BAG
These beautiful bags are in great favour. Here is the latest model. No. 5422 with Galolith Frame which resembles tortoiseshell. Fitted with mirror and coin purse. **57/6**

THE NEW BAG
This is quite the latest style, the draped gussets giving it a special character of its own, blue or black fine sealskin. No 3437. **40/-**

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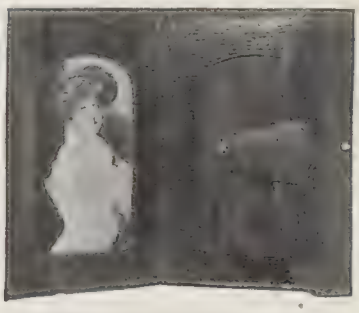
A soldier's writing case. Simple and strong. With foreign notepaper and envelopes. Soft, pliable, and light in weight. No. 948. In pigskin, **6/6**



SERVICE PHOTO CASE
Convenient for the pocket. A desirable gift with Photo to a soldier. Made in Carte de Visite or post-card size. Best pigskin. No. 1200/1 **10/6**. For two photos, C.D.V. **10/6**. Two photos, P.C. size, **12/6**

MANICURE CASE
A dainty case in fine grain leather. No. 3387. In various pretty colours. Watered silk linings, **15/-**

Write for Gift List. In this are illustrated and described serviceable goods for the soldier, and dainty yet useful goods for the folk at home. Write for this List

MARK CROSS Ltd
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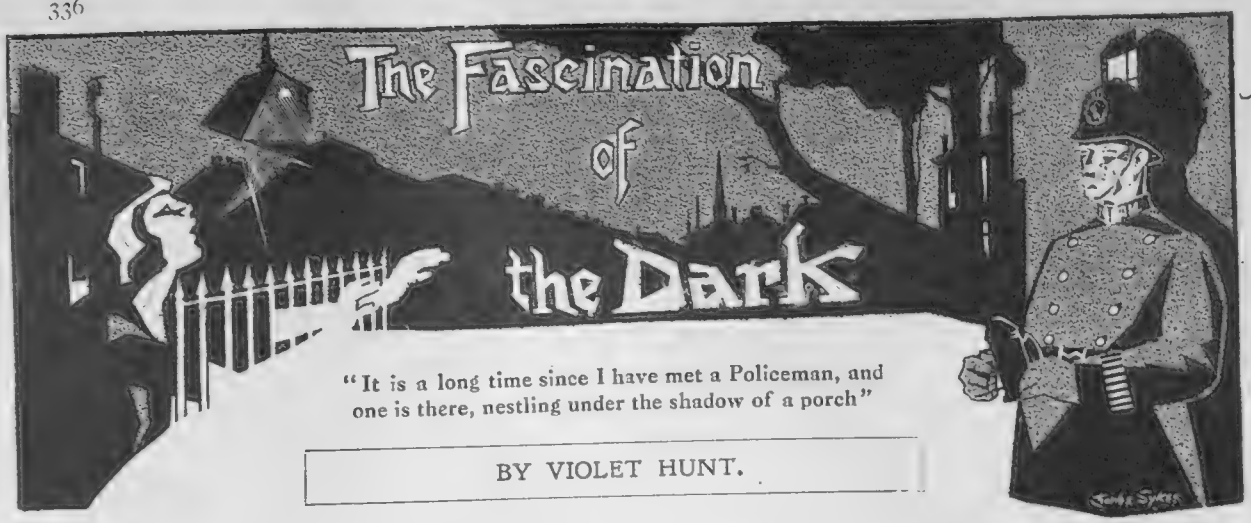
The Fascination of the Dark



"It is a long time since I have met a Policeman, and one is there, nestling under the shadow of a porch"

BY VIOLET HUNT.

LET us, since we are obliged, temporarily, by Hunnish tactics to alter all our values, alter our catch-words, too, and try to look bravely upon the dark side of things. Sydney Smith, the philosopher, urged upon his generation to take short views; let us vary the formula which has soothed thousands of us and take long ones, since, as we have been told, endurance is to be our forte and darkness the medium of our existence for pretty nearly fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. Let us snub the pessimist, who, like the boy admonished in this sense by some Mark Tapley of a parent that asked to be informed as to which was the bright side of a gumboil, will aver that there are positively no merits discoverable about the present street-lighting regulations.

* * *

There are. I have discovered them, in the soft-featured gloom that after four o'clock settles down over my suburban home like a delicate dust over Herculaneum. I am able to think of it with a prescience of rest, mental and physical both, while I am still moving in the (comparative) realms of light and song that Piccadilly and Oxford Street keep up some pretence of being. In theatres, in cinema halls, in the subdued glitter of restaurants, I am aware of my silent, placid kingdom, lying "way out there" beyond the circle of careering 'buses and taxis, my own enchanted hill, which I must even dive deep underground to reach before I sleep. The reflection of the thought is in my eyes; people say, curiously, "What on earth are you thinking of?"

* * *

I am thinking that since I left it, onto my hill, with its wide roads properly bounded by wide pavements, and its clearly printed signposts, the nightly spell will have descended. It will have become a district in a dream. All the old childish figments that used to soothe or terrify will have come up to the surface ready to cajole and delude us, it will be indescribable in its dangerous simplicity, and nobody but Mr. Walter De La Mare could render it, or the great book of childhood that was put into our hands long ago as a gift from our enemies, "Holy Grimm," as little Sir Philip Burne-Jones called it. Somewhere on that hill is the home of The Three Bears, the Charcoal-Burner's Hut, the garden of The Twelve Lilies that the King's son found, and the cottage of The Witch with red eyes sitting by the fire. From a turreted villa Rapunzel may let down her hair.

* * *

The Dark decreed by our Danger holds all these things: I find myself longing for them. And so I bid a complacent farewell to gay companions at the mouth of gaping Tube or Metropolitan and descend, without misgiving, to mount again presently into a totally different world. The sleepy man at the door takes my ticket and wishes me "Good-night," as who should say "Godspeed" into the wild. He

(Continued on page 335)

"In the garden like a large white mushroom there gleams, palely, the bust of Ezra Pound, the American poet"

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THE FASCINATION OF THE DARK (concluded from page 336)

"The shaded lamps have a curious eighteenth-century effect like masked ladies peering under their satin face-guards"

supposes that somewhere in that dark soft suffusion that lies beyond the station I have a niche of some kind, into whose safety I shall huddle quickly, to sleep or wait for dawn and disenchantment.

* * *

I have a home, yes, that I left in the daytime, long ago, but will it be the same? Shall I see, as usual, the cheerful on-come of the electric current in the dark hall, summoned by a pressure of the button, hear the barking of the guardian dog in the basement, see the leaping of the grey cat towards me, its gold eyes flaring for joy of company?

* * *

Not yet, at any rate. For the night is calm and mild, a true Zeppelin night, and I shall doubtless find myself wandering, for sheer pleasure of it, outside the portals of safety, every fibre of me averse from turning in, and thus removing myself from the unholy influences, the Fascination of the Dark.

* * *

It grows more still, more dark, more quiet, as I go on up the hill, swathed, sodden, lapped in an obscurity that makes itself felt, like the lightest, most imponderable of baby's blankets, or the soft triturated earth that shall be flung over us at the last. This is the kind of thing one thinks of. . . .

* * *

My own heel-taps on the pavement seem almost a misdemeanour, a foolhardiness. For there are presences about that one must not awaken. I do not mean the people in the houses. They are probably lying wide-eyed, staring up at the testers of their beds, with all their precautions about, their masks, their pails of sand, their portable property handy in a bag.

* * *

Away with precautions on a night like this, against an enemy like that! What I am afraid of evoking, of disturbing, are the wild beasts, the robbers, the bugbears of childhood to which this region lying prone, helpless under the pall of dark, is given up. Whatever there is, as we used to say, the lonely walker is at its mercy! There is danger, fascinating, alluring, unique, and we have the Huns to thank for it, the Huns, who also gave us the Tales of Grimm, and prepared our minds for it when it came.

* * *

The shaded lamps have a curious eighteenth-century effect, like long-necked, masked ladies, peering under their satin face-guards, stately, indifferent, yet malicious. I go under them quickly—I prefer the dark that they are not really trying to irradiate. . . .

* * *

It is a long while since I have met a policeman, and one is there, nestling under the shadow of a porch. He is very still . . . he, too, has become part of the ghostliness of things. Perhaps if I touch him he will prove cold and stiff, like the policeman by the Aldwych Theatre, whom, on the night of a raid, some highly disciplined person attempted to utilise in his usual capacity. . . . This policeman's enchantment is only partial; as I pass he languidly turns his lantern upon his own buttons, eight of them, and they flash up as bad as any house light, to the ken of Zeppelins lurking, perchance, in the upper sky. . . . I refused his offer to see me to my door. He would have materialised thus too completely, and spoiled all.

* * *

There was one bit of road so dark that I had to feel along the wall for the turning that I knew ought to be there. The gate, with the milk-can standing on the threshold . . . it swings open with a scrape and a curse, and I am in the garden, walking along the flagged path to the door. Like a large white mushroom there gleams, palely, in the midst of an undergrowth of wild, ragged stalks of last summer's hollyhocks, asters and sunflowers, the bust of Ezra Pound, the American poet, which is the cause of so much concern to the neighbourhood.

* * *

Nothing like it has ever been seen in a garden before, or anywhere outside a Vorticist exhibition, whence it came. It is too large for the owner to house, and for the moment it rests here, part of the general queerness of things. It was made by the French sculptor, Gaudier Bzjeske, *Mort pour la Patrie*—on the fields of Flanders.

VIOLET HUNT

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The Bystander in PARIS

"But now at 10.30 not only the lights go out, but the guests have to go out, too"

THE PROBLEM OF PASSING AN EVENING

A Very Thirsty Officer

"SOME fellows," he said, "have *all* the luck." It doesn't seem very long ago since I remember him with a hoop, making rude remarks about the length of my hair—the boy I mean, of course, not the hoop. Almost the next day, as it seemed, he was explaining to the other fellows at school that I might look funny, but I was an old friend of his father's, wrote things in the papers, and had given him half a sovereign to spend at the tuckshop, anyhow. And now here he is in His Majesty's khaki, with a limp (the boy, of course, I mean, not the khaki), an officer and a gentleman who has seen service and was very thirsty. "Some fellows," he said, "have all the luck." I had taken him to a café, had whispered that open-sesame of Christian conversation, "What's yours?" and the boy, who has had a few days in London before coming here, was impressed by the fact that we can offer one another hospitality in Paris still.

Restrictions

"But," as I explained to him, "*tout n'est pas bière et quilles*"—all is not beer and skittles in what used to be the Ville Lumière. We are not quite so severe, perhaps, about the *lumière* as you are in London, now. Or we have got used to it, and anyway (touch wood!) the Zeppelins have stopped Zepping Paris. But, although we may treat one another we cannot, as the boy evidently thought we could, sit about and drink, when and how we like, as in pre-war days. If you happen to be a minor or a lady of any age at all you must not be thirsty before noon—I mean, of course, thirsty with an alcoholic thirst, for coloured syrup is always on tap. *Et encore!* I had mentioned the coloured syrup to the boy and he had grinned. "Didn't we have whiskey-and-soda, sir (he always calls me "sir" when he wants to annoy me), out of cups and call it *bouillon*, one evening, in London? And I've heard it called cider-cup often, over there, when it got late." I edged him into a nice comfortable café, and told him to order anything he liked. The waiter confounded himself in excuses, as the pretty French phrase has it, but you should have heard the boy do the confounding, when the waiter showed us a notice that Messieurs les Militaires were not served in that establishment. "Café looks all right, too," he said. "Yes," said I, "but the police found it open after half-past ten two evenings following, 10.30 is the closing hour, and this is punishment." A café where only civilians may be served is practically empty nowadays in Paris.

"Without being addicted to drink one may like to sit late over dinner"

"Time" at 10.30

When one remembers the positive genius for argument with those whom Parisians had set in authority over them in pre-war days in Paris, one cannot help

(Continued on page 342)

Beauty Treatments

Just what can be done to-day by scientific Beauty Culture will perhaps be most simply explained by taking the reader on an imaginary visit to the Pomeroy Treatment Rooms.

ENTER—a lady about 35 years of age, obviously tired, eyes dull, the complexion sallow, and lines under the eyes, faint as yet but suspiciously like the beginning of wrinkles. A short interview in the private reception room, and the lady is conducted to another room where the necessary treatment is given by an assistant trained in the Pomeroy methods and able to render exactly the service required. The treatment in this case consists mainly in massage on approved medical lines and the liberal use of the special preparations which have made the name of Pomeroy World-famous.

At the end of half an hour the treatment is over and the result of the thirty minutes' work is truly astonishing. No longer is the lady obviously tired; the eyes look a little brighter, the skin is considerably clearer and the lines under the eyes are less noticeable. That is the result of one treatment—a continuation will mean the rejuvenation of the face, with skin beautifully clear and not a suspicion of a wrinkle visible.

THE YOUTHFUL COMPLEXION.

Enters next a young lady scarcely out of her teens. She has a complexion which is the envy of her friends and her only reason for visiting Pomeroy's is to keep it so. She is wise in her generation, prevention always being better than cure, as the next visitor, a lady of 45 who looks only 30, could tell you. This lady has long cared for her face in the Pomeroy way and, as a consequence, so far as attractiveness goes, the hand of Time has not moved.

It is always so — the woman who early begins to care for her face, on the Pomeroy method, will grow older so gracefully that her Beauty at 40 years of age will be at its prime, and even 60 may be reached without apparent loss of charm. True, the face will be youthful no longer, but it will be beautiful still, simply softened and refined, not seared, by the passing of Time.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—The next visitor has her trouble writ large—it is the hateful blemish of Superfluous Hair. Can it be removed? Certainly, and the treatment commences. Just half an hour and a considerable number of hairs permanently destroyed. Next week the rest of the offending hairs will be removed.

The imaginary visit is ended and we have seen but a small part of the work done in these famous Treatment rooms, but perhaps the reader will pay a real visit to Mrs. Pomeroy's and learn at first hand what can be done—and done inexpensively—by modern methods of Beauty Culture.

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A delightfully refrigerant preparation, which cools the face, cleanses the pores, and keeps the skin young and supple. Non-greasy and "vanishing." 2/6 and 5/- per vase.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 340*)

admiring the unanimity with which Parisians now observe quite irksome rules and regulations. For instance, without being addicted to drink, one may like to sit late over dinner, these days, and it is, or was, the Parisian habit to dine in one place and stroll on to another for coffee and a liqueur. But now, at ten-thirty, as the clock strikes, not only do the lights go out in all the cafés and restaurants, as the lights go out in the London restaurants at twelve, but the guests have to go out, too. There is no "time, gentlemen, please," and lighting-up again, and the policeman who finds an open restaurant at ten-thirty-five p.m. reports it, *savez-vous*.

The Cinema Crawl

So for a little while the Parisian who finds it difficult to go home to his bed at half-past ten wanders about the dark boulevards watching other people wishing they had somewhere to go to besides bed, and the result is a novelty in Paris institutions, "the cinema crawl." Cinemas and theatres remain open till eleven. Therefore the *noctambule* who in pre-war days preferred to seek bed with the morning milk, now noctambules about the dark and dust-bin-lined street for half an hour after the cafés close, *pour voir la sortie des théâtres!* Unless, of course, he be a millionaire, when he mops up his ten-twenty-five p.m. glass of hot milk in a café near a moving picture show, and spends the last half-hour of the evening being "entertained" by Charlot—who, in Paris, is not the director of the Alhambra's destinies, but French for Charles Chaplin, Esq.

Places Where—What?

"But, of course," said the boy, "there *are* places where—what?" "Well, strictly between ourselves, there are. But it's a very furtive business. You must know your Paris very well to get admission to them, and it isn't very funny when you bring it off. Sinning *en toute petite comité* is very poor fun except——but I was only alluding to a last drink. However, you can knock gently at doors under which there is a glimmer of light, and if you be recognised you will be escorted to a room at the back where you may drink at twice the usual prices. However, I really don't think it is worth the trouble." And when the boy had mopped bad cognac in a semi-dark room, with no company save mine, he also thought it wasn't worth the candle. I wouldn't, however, let him leave Paris without seeing that we still had some of the old night-life left there. He was staying with friends in the suburbs. We had been to the theatre till eleven p.m., and his train did not leave from the Gare Saint Lazare till something after midnight. "Even if I can't drink, I must have something to eat," he said. "I'll take you to the only place that's open," said I—we had agreed to bar hotels, of course, where, when you know people, you can do anything. "Good egg," said he, and remembering that he had joined the army largely so as to learn French, "Bong œuf, mong vieux," he added. I led him gently up the hill to the Rue Fontaine. "What's this?" he asked. "Paris night-life," I said. In the Rue Fontaine is a baker's and confectioner's shop which from time immemorial has never closed, day or night. They have three eight-hour shifts, and always remain open. But this is war, and after ten-thirty p.m. the proprietor dare not admit a customer inside his premises. Therefore we stood, a shadowy little crowd on the greasy pavement, and consumed *madeleines*, cherry tarts, and (because the proprietor knew me) *babas au rhum*. "*Some* night-life," said the boy.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"There ARE places, but it's a very furtive business"

"The result is a novelty in Paris institutions—'The Cinema Crawl'"

Collectors, Please Note

At the sale of theatrical relics to be held by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge at 23, Berkeley Square, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., there are many items of special interest, particularly the last "property" used by Sir Henry Irving when he so tragically met his death, being the book he carried in *Becket*. There are many other relics reminiscent of the modern and the present-day school, whilst perhaps of deeper interest are the relics of such bygone celebrities as Kean, Sothern, Kemble, and Phelps. There is also an unique Shakespeare relic in the shape of an ivory medallion with the poet's head carved in profile found during excavations at Stratford-on-Avon. Catalogues may be obtained of Messrs. Mabbett and Edge at their offices, 127, Mount Street, W.

THE LINE OF LIFE.

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The New Photography

PHOTOGRAPHER (as usual): "Now, look pleasant, please!"

BY J. H. DOWD

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perhaps one of the happiest expressions of children at play in rustic surroundings.

Exact replicas (in colour) of both of these paintings, each mounted on best plate paper, size 33 inches by 27 inches, and entirely free from advertisement matter, will be sent FREE to users of Wright's Coal Tar Soap who send 40 outside wrappers from the 4d. Tablets of the Soap, together with 6d. toward cost of packing and postage (inland). Foreign postage extra. Address: "Pictures," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Father Leitmann

A FRAGMENT FROM FRANCE

MORE than a year of savage and relentless warfare has given humanity an insight into the true German psychology and point of view which a century of peace would never have achieved, and the world has grown to understand the sinister significance of the German maxim that necessity knows no law.

It is a terrible record that we read in Government Blue Books, an unending tale of atrocity, greed and outrage of the most primitive variety that would seem to mark a turning-point in evolution and indicate a reversion towards the era of naked savagery.

From this drab picture of tyranny and overbearing it is pleasant to dwell on an incident which occurred in the earlier days of the war, an incident which, strange as it may seem, once revealed a German in the full flush of victory as a soft and gentle-mannered member of society, as innocent of the Prussian bearing as is a newborn babe of ivory molars.

Madame la Comtesse de Largny, of Namur, was one of the select little number of heroic ladies who steadfastly refused to abandon her stricken country before the advancing German horde. With sublime self-sacrifice and courage, this gallant lady had placed her country house at the disposal of her hapless and starving compatriots fleeing before the Huns' triumphal march through Belgium, feeding the hungry, nursing the sick, and comforting the bereaved with an exalted devotion that nothing could subdue.

EX-ASPIRATING

FIT-UP UTILITY MAN: "Look 'ere, Guv'nor, I don't mind what I do as a rule; but it's a bit orf to ask me to go on as a nun"

THE PROPRIETOR: "A nun? 'Oo said anythink about a nun? I said AN 'UN—not A NUN!"

In order to be within easy distance of her *château* and her *protégés*, the Countess had taken up her residence in a humble little farmhouse, and, being a pious and fervent Catholic, she set apart one of the rooms of the building to serve as a little chapel, bearing thither with her the sacred jewelled vessels from her *château*, the treasured heirlooms of past generations.

Then dawned the fateful day, and on August 24 Namur fell into the hands of the Germans. Almost the first act of the *Kommandatur* on entering the town was to billet his tame *Geistlicher*, the Father Leitmann, upon the Countess de Largny in the old farmhouse in order that the reverend gentleman might enjoy the full use of the chapel on all required occasions.

Of a very different stamp was the good Father Leitmann to the swashbuckling and overbearing Prussian officer that we know. A mild and courteous little man, with soft grey eyes and a gentle expression; the soul of politeness and consideration, even a little apologetic for his presence was Monsieur l'Abbé. Whenever Madame la Comtesse rose to leave the room Father Leitmann would be the first upon his feet, to throw wide the door, and bow her into the corridor.

True, he was a somewhat untidy feeder, even ruthless in his manipulation of soup. Also, he had an unfortunate habit of pursuing gravy round a plate with a piece of bread-crust, a manœuvre he carried out with remarkable dexterity. But apart from these minor inconveniences his deportment was perfection itself.

He took infinite pains teaching little Yvonne to play the piano. Little Paul he helped in his Latin studies with the solicitude of a parent.

In a mild, almost timid manner he expressed his disapproval of the war, and he deprecated strongly the behaviour of the soldiery in Belgium. And once, after a flagon of wine on a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, he even found gentle fault with Wilhelm himself. "Ah, Madame, it is true that our Kaiser has much to answer for. I cannot but admit that his heart is stained with guilt." Father Leitmann sighed.

At first the Countess and her children had regarded the enemy intruder with feelings of unmixed loathing and contempt, but by slow degrees they began to overcome their prejudice against this man with the simple, kindly nature, and understand that, despite his detested nationality, his heart was of the purest gold.

Then early one morning came the unexpected order to return to the Fatherland. The good Father's *mien* was mournful when he heard the news. He made no secret of his genuine regret to pay his *adieux*.

On her way to speed the parting guest on his journey, the Countess chanced to pass through the chapel, and she noticed to her astonishment that the sacred ornaments and vases were missing. The good Father Leitmann speedily elucidated the mystery. 'Ah, yes, Madame," he replied, with an angelic smile," your supposition is perfectly correct. I have them all in my trunk—the golden chalice, the chasuble, the jewelled patten and the rest; for fate, Madame, has cursed me with a memory that necessitates a little souvenir to remind me of your charming hospiality. . . ."

And the old four-wheeler rumbled away.

M.

The Bystander in Copenhagen

"SAUSAGE-GERMANS" AND "MUSHROOMS"

THE first, middle, and last word you hear in Copenhagen is "Sausage-German!" *Pölsetysk!* I heard it first on the Malmö steamer. A queer-looking tug with an abnormally long side-trawl was drifting across the Oeresund, some way south. It fishes for mines. "Does that," I asked, "belong to the German Government?" "No," said a Dane, "to the Sausage-German Government." I did not understand this. I understand it now.

This city is less distinguished and more human than Stockholm. Stockholm is haughty. The uncleanest Swedish *stadsbud* who takes your bag at the Central Station lets you see that he is a gentleman—and that you are not. Stockholm girls dress like frumps, but look like duchesses; and Copenhagen maids wear the latest French (or Sausage-German) frocks, and look like frumps. They spend their days embroidering freehand designs on green plush; and they smoke long cigars.

The fierce *Entente*-Sympathy which rages here is shown by the theatres. Thereby hangs a tale. I asked a Dane what theatre I should go to. He said: "It's the same; they all play English things. Nothing *pro-German*." I looked at the list. At the Royal Theatre they were playing *Hamlet*, and at the Sonderbros Theatre *Sherlock Holmes*. "Nothing pro-German." "No," said the Dane. "All English. At the Dagmar Theatre they're playing *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and at the Alexandra Theatre *The Doctor's Dilemma*, and at the—I forget what kino-show—*Arms and the Man*. Schavh is a great man."

He explained the phrase, "The Sausage-German Government." That meant his own. The Cabinet is Radical; and as it is backed by Socialists, it holds its own against an Opposition of Farmers' Party and Tories. "Sausage-German" means pro-German. The Premier is M. Zahle, who absolutely loathes Germany;

(Continued on page 350)

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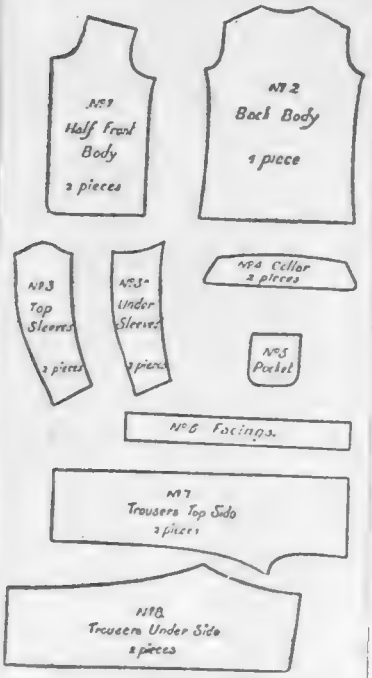

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THE BYSTANDER IN COPENHAGEN (*concluded from page* 348)

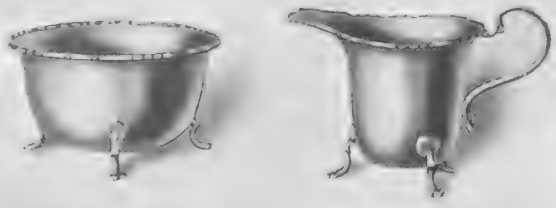
and the next cleverest member is Edward Brandes, who is Finance Minister, and brother of the critic, George. Brandes, too, loathes Germans. Seeing Zahle and Brandes denounced by the Tory *Berlingske Tidende* as "Sausage-Germans," I put the question: "Is it possible you have a pro-German Ministry?"

"No; that's the point. It is impossible, inconceivable, unimaginable that a Danish Cabinet should be pro-German. And because all Danes are anti-Germans, 'pro-German,' or, as we say, 'Sausage-German,' is our worst abuse-term. When a Dane wants to libel someone, to overthrow a Government, to get another man's job, or wife, his first word is 'Sausage-German.' It sticks. Our present greatest Opposition leader is Christensen, head of the Farmers' Party. He is a big man—that is proved by the fact that we all call him 'Father J.C.' He is a wily man."

"How is he wily?" "This way. When he was Prime Minister the Opposition called *him* 'Sausage-German.' This though he was about as pro-German as Delcassé. Christensen knows that an Opposition's work is to oppose; and the best way to oppose anything in Denmark is to say 'Sausage-German!' It sticks. So he says 'Sausage-German.' With that and with the help of the *Berlingske Tidende* and the Tories (who don't count much), Christensen will get back into power. Then Zahle will shout at Christensen, 'Sausage-German,' and Father J. C. will fall." "It's the spoils system," I said. "Yes," said my Dane. "If you want to spoil anything in Denmark, all you need do is say 'Sausage-German.'"

All Danish parties are formally pledged to Neutrality. But Denmark has individual "Activists" who want war. They're less active than the Swede war-men, and more cautious. In the Dagmar Theatre, whither I went to see *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, I was pointed out M. Jessen, author of a pamphlet on "A Bold Policy." Jessen wants war on the *Entente* side. He wrote: "Denmark cannot lie supine while civilisation is being tramped under foot. We must act like men. When the *Entente* armies have destroyed the German armies we can intervene crushingly. There will be no risks. Let us act boldly. . . ." I was introduced to Jessen. I quoted Sir Edward Grey to the effect that diplomacy depends on arms. That was his point.

Apart from "Sausage-Germans," embroidery, Shakespeare, and Georg Bernard Schahv, this town yields "mushrooms." A mushroom (in Scandinavian a *svamp*) is a shady subject of a belligerent state who makes millions by trading with the enemy. Sometimes he buys German goods; stamps them "made in England," and sends them, *via* Finland, to Russia; sometimes he gambles in paper money; sometimes, with *his own Government's permission*, he buys enemy goods. If he is a Russian Jew he buys German field-glasses; if a Hamburger, he tries to buy Russian wheat. The "mushrooms" have a regular exchange. The first chairman was an Austrian named Auerstein, who got on admirably with Russian colleagues. You don't fling the word "Sausage-German!" about in business. Biz is serious.



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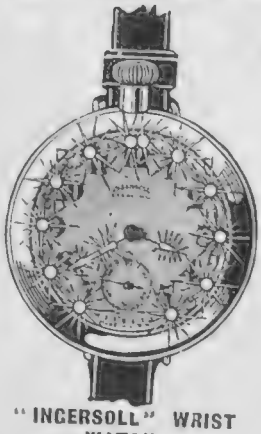

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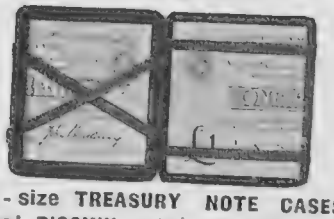

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After-Care of the Blinded Soldier

A PRACTICAL SCHEME: FROM MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON

[*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER]

DEAR SIR,—Men who have been blinded in fighting for us, and who have been trained at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, in one of the many forms of industry taught there, are now, so to speak, leaving school and starting in life for themselves.

We who have been engaged in their training feel very strongly that our responsibilities should not end with the completion of this. The blind home-worker has little chance of becoming a useful self-supporting member of the community if he is left to himself. The purchase of raw material, the making of goods, the maintenance of a satisfactory standard of excellence and the marketing of articles made represent, collectively, a task which is beyond the powers of the blind worker to accomplish satisfactorily.

Raw material bought in small quantities is apt to be of high price and poor quality. The work of the blind inevitably deteriorates unless it is subjected to constant supervision, and it is almost impossible to obtain a sufficient sale for articles made, once the circle of local sympathisers has been exhausted.

So it has been arranged with the Council of the National Institute for the Blind that they shall establish a branch, the primary object of which will be the after-care of these men. Its headquarters will be in London, and it will be under the management of Mr. Thomas Martin, who for some years past has been Superintendent of the School for the Blind, at Swiss Cottage, N.W. The benefits of this branch will be as rapidly as possible extended to competent blind home-workers throughout the kingdom.

But very considerable funds will be needed to carry out this plan in a businesslike and satisfactory manner. I feel sure that there are many among your readers who will feel that, in spite of the numerous calls to which they have so generously responded of late, this is another to which they will readily respond. In doing so they will be showing the measure of their appreciation for the blinded soldiers who have so bravely taken up the burden which has been laid upon them and have fitted themselves to fight the battle of life as gallantly as they fought the battle of their country.

Contributions sent to me at the National Institute for the Blind should be made out to the After-Care Branch of the Institute.—Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON

Chairman, Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee. President, National Institute for the Blind, 226, Great Portland Street, W.

November 10, 1915.

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Xmas Gift Suggestions from Peter Robinson's, Oxford St.

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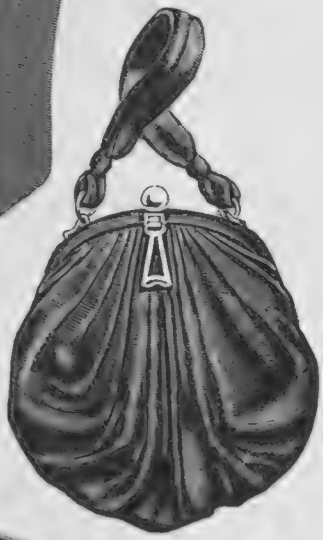
Muff Purse. Size 5½ in. by 3 in. with back hand strap. In black, navy, violet and brown.

In Black Morocco, **7/6** In Fine Grain Seal, **8/6**

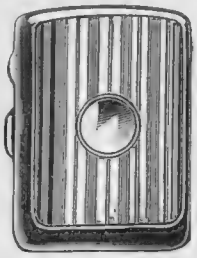
Fine Seal Leather Stirrup Bag (*as sketch at left*). Size 9¼ in. by 6 in. In black, navy, green, brown or purple, **21/-**



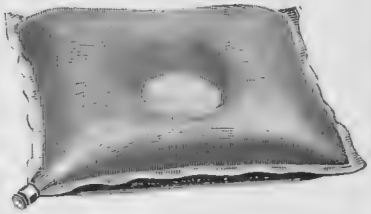
Smart Bag (*as sketch at right*), with inner purse division. In black or navy Faille silk, **30/-**

Useful Bag in Seal Morocco (*as sketch at left*), lined leather. Size 8½ in. by 6½ ins. In black, navy or brown. **14/6**

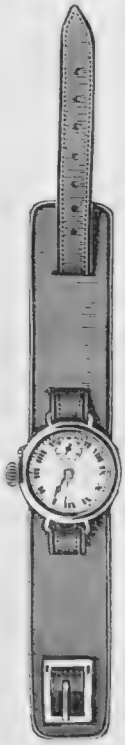
FOR A GENTLEMAN.

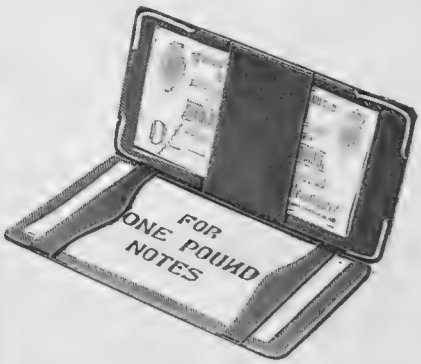


Solid Silver Cigarette Case (*as illustration at side*). Engine-turned, **15/6** Plain, **12/6**



Khaki Waterproof Air Pillow (*as above*), shaped specially for the head. Size 14 in. by 14 in. **4/6**





The "Treasury" Note Case (*as above*), full size, with silver-gilt corners.
In Fine Seal, black and colours - **15/11**
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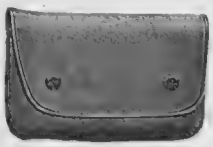
Cigarette Case, in Velvet Calf (*as above*). Size 5½ in. by 3¼ in., with patent steel frame to protect cigarettes, **2/11**

Silver Lever Service Watch Wristlet. With double strap to strengthen wrist, fitted with unbreakable glass, **25/-**



Velvet Calf Tobacco Pouch, in brown or grey (*as sketch at left*), **3/6** Also in Pigskin, **2/11**

Our Xmas Bazaar—"Venice in London."

IT is only right that the little folks should have their usual Xmas enjoyments; and as many attractions as ever have been provided for the children in this year's Xmas Bazaar. British-made Toys play a prominent part in the assortments, and particular attention is directed to those made by our wounded soldiers and sailors. We invite every boy and girl to visit "Venice in London," which is now open.

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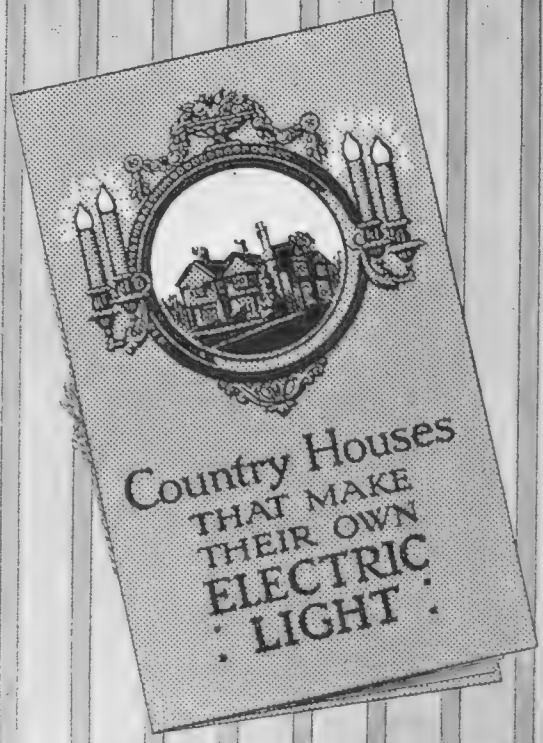

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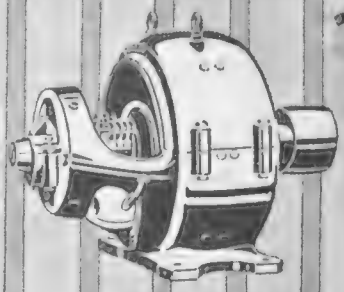

The Drama of the Sleeping Beauty

AT THE THEATRE OF WAR

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS famous drama is now well in its second year, and at the moment there are no signs that the management contemplates a change of programme. The first scene takes place in the cave of Willee, a Wicked Wizard, situated in the midst of a blasted heath. (In these military days troopers' language is pardonable.) Willee, who wears his moustache in the fashion of Mephistopheles in order to frighten the children, announces to his attendant sprites that he has decided to kill the beautiful Princess Freda (whose name, as we know, signifies "Peace").

SCENE I.—IN THE WICKED WIZARD'S CAVE

He is very talkative, is Willee, and amid the applause of his satellites he explains why it is necessary that Freda should die. Who was it that gave the world all the benefits it enjoys? The answering chorus is "Willee!" Who was it invented the steam-engine, the telegraph, both with and without wires, the motor-car, and the aeroplane? "Willee!" Who is it that has for years kindly allowed the rest of the world to remain alive at all? "Willee!" And yet Willee complains he is not yet officially recognised as Lord of all from China to Peru, and consequently the Princess Freda must die.

In the next act we see the Princess Freda sitting at her spinning-wheel in her peaceful garden, surrounded by her maids and an appropriate chorus of lively young things. For the world is still young, and it looks on hopefully, watching for such new benefits as the spinning-wheel may give. Suddenly there are screams and panics in three colours. From behind the rose-bushes emerges the Wicked Wizard Willee. He has a large knife in each hand, and several others are stuck at random in his belt, while from one of his wrists hangs a spiky club that not only kills, but mutilates as well, thus saving a lot of Willee's precious time. Willee smiles at the horror his arrival creates. His speciality is frightening women and children, and in the Princess Freda's peaceful garden he has struck it right, as it were, with both feet. Willee gives a mocking "Ha-ha!" and beckons to his myrmidons, who come on headed by a simpering youth who introduces himself as the Fairy Prince.

While Willee and his men are knifing the crowd, the Fairy Prince, with a faraway look in his eyes, helps himself to a couple of sparkling necklaces and a gold wrist-watch. He is just making preparations to annex the Princess's diamond garters, when somebody says "Hush!" admonishingly. So the Fairy Prince lets the opportunity go, and talks instead. "They say I steal," he remarks in pathetic protest. "How little does the common herd know of the sacred Law of Loot!" Just then there is a cry of alarm from Willee's men, and the next moment three Good Wizards, known respectively as Kitchee, Joffee, and Nickee, stroll on and want to know what's up. Billee replies that he has decided that the Princess Freda and her maidens shall die. Kitchee replies that he will save her yet. Although grievously harmed, Freda shall not die. But she and her maidens shall go to sleep for three years, or the duration of the war.

The next act opens with a farcical interlude by two very low comedians and knockabout military mountebanks known as Tirp and Zepp. Tirp brings a boat with him, and after handing it around to show that there is no deception, he runs off for a few minutes. When he comes back he says he has been out to sea, and has sunk a large ship full of women and children. This proves that he ought to be allowed the

(Continued on page 358)

THE FAIRY PRINCE HAS DESIGNS ON THE PRINCESS'S GARTERS

THE DRAMA OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY (*continued from page 357*)

freedom of all the seas, as everyone can now feel satisfied that he is a person who knows how to make a proper use of power when he has got it. He sits down in a corner of the stage, and announces that he is expecting a call every minute from Kitchee and Joffee and Nickee, who will, no doubt, say they are so frightened that they have come to ask for mercy. Then Zepp produces an air-balloon from his pocket, and inflates it and runs off. In a few moments he is back again, saying that he has managed to kill three old men and a woman with a baby in her arms. Then he sits down and writes home to Billee to say that he has shattered the enemy's docks and arsenals, and destroyed the enemy Fleet, and that the people in that country are all hiding in holes in the ground, crying bitterly, and waiting for Billee to come along and give them Kultur with his spiked club, and please may he have the cast-iron cross for his pluck?

The next act resumes the thread of the story. The scene is the exterior of the palace of Princess Freda. She and her maids are still asleep within; but during the year the gardens have become a mass of weeds with ugly-looking flowers on them in the shape of Bonds bearing interest at all sorts of rates per cent. And outside the weeds is a thick bush of barbed wire, which is supposed to have grown up in a single night.

"TIRP" AND "ZEPP." THE KNOCKABOUT MILITARY MOUNTEBANKS

To the accompaniment of slow and weird music by the orchestra, the Fairy Prince strolls on. The habit of annexation is so strong within him that he reaches out abruptly for a handful of the weedy Bonds without noticing the barbed wire, and it is, perhaps, fortunate that his subsequent remarks are in a foreign tongue. As he is strolling round looking for a break in the barbed wire three figures appear suddenly on the scene. They are Kitchee, Joffee, and Nickee. The Fairy Prince smiles at them with his well-known vacuity, and explains that he had just thought of strolling into the Palace to see if the Princess Freda is awake

(*Continued on page 360*)

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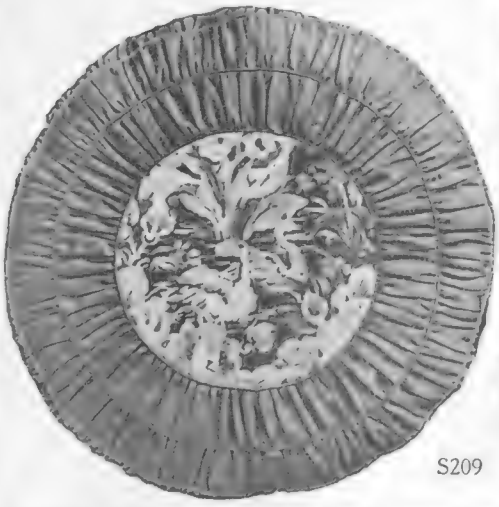

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Ess Viotto

THE DRAMA OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY (*concluded from page 358*)

yet. Kitchee, who is a man of few words, observes, "Ah!" and Joffee, who is also not a talkative person, observes quietly, "*Et alors-s-s?*" while Nickee makes a sarcastic comment in a very foreign tongue which is not readily comprehensible, though there is no reason to suppose that it is not the sort of remark that might have been made in any suburban drawing-room. English audiences jump to conclusions so quickly when in the hearing of foreign languages.

SCENE 2.—WILLEE, THE WICKED WIZARD, IN HIS FULL WAR-PAINT

At this moment there was the sound of what used to be known as a German band. As the noise came nearer and entered the scene, it could be seen that Willee, the Wicked Wizard, was leading an orchestra composed, appropriately enough, of brass instruments. Seeing the three Good Wizards there he signalled to his men to stop, and explained that he was just serenading the Princess Freda in the hope that she might sleep on more peacefully than ever. As the noise his orchestra was making was calculated to bring down pieces of the ceiling with every spurt, it will be recognised that it was "some" serenade. An element of humour at this stage was supplied by the Fairy Prince, who, with the agility of an obvious expert in this branch of athletics, was making a gallant effort to climb the barbed wire in the direction of the Princess's window. When he had got about six feet from the ground, however, he had to admit that he was rather badly tattered and wanted help, and Kitchee hauled him back with one hand and told him to go home and borrow a safety pin, or something of that sort, to keep his lovely clothes as far as possible in one piece.

The three Good Wizards then informed Billee that when it was time to awaken the Princess Freda they would attend to the business themselves, and let him know the result, Kitchee adding that if it came to that he believed he wouldn't make a bad sort of Fairy Prince himself. And so say all of us!

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TOO little is known in England of a Fund which has as its object the relief of the widows and orphans of Indian Muslim soldiers. With a view to bringing its objects more closely before the British readers, a representative of THE BYSTANDER interviewed the Honorary Secretary of the Fund, Mr. Duse Mohamed, whom he found quite willing to expound his aims.

"Why did I take up this fund?" he said. "First, because I wanted to help the bereaved dependents of my co-religionists. You see, it's a most difficult matter for these illiterate sufferers to move the Anglo-Indian official with anything bordering on expedition. There is too much red tape. This is by no means a reflection on the Anglo-Indian officials. An official is—well, an official. For instance, here in England soldiers' widows experience the greatest possible difficulty in having their claims allowed, and were it not for the charitably disposed there would be much destitution. In India, where the official is approached with awe by an ignorant population, you can well understand that suffering and destitution must be increased a thousandfold. Moreover, you will remember that early this year Lord Cromer spoke in the House of Lords, and subsequently wrote to the *Times*, in regard to the rumour that had got abroad touching the potential interference of Great Britain with the Khalifate

"This rumour has caused Muslims to think that Great Britain intends removing the head of their Faith, and it must be borne in mind that the Muslims regard the religious headship of their Faith with at least the same veneration as the Catholics regard His Holiness at Rome. Now, personally, I do not believe one word of this rumour. I have resided in England for over a quarter of a century, and I know the English people. They are freedom-loving, and they would not knowingly tolerate anything in the nature of religious persecution or proscription. But—and this is most important—my co-religionists in India and other parts of the Empire are only able to see the surface of things. They do not know the English race as I do, nor can they appreciate the love of justice and liberty which are chief characteristics.

"I desire to prove through this Fund that Britain is in no way opposed to Islam. This accounts for my making ours a sectional fund rather than one which would benefit the dependents of all Indian soldiers; besides, there is already a fund in existence for this purpose, and, of course, those who receive aid through our Fund, which aid, by the way, will be distributed by the Hon. Rajah Sir Mohamed Ali Mohamed of Muhammadabad, will not benefit through the other fund; consequently there will be no danger of overlapping.

"You will, therefore, see that it is of the most vital importance that the Muslim Soldiers' Widows and Orphans War Fund should be accorded every possible assistance, for the results of my efforts will be fraught with the most far-reaching consequences to the British Empire. I have devoted my energies to this Fund for the past six months, and I am convinced that the confidence with which I set out, in the face of much internal opposition, to achieve my end will be abundantly rewarded by the nation that, above all others, stands for truth, justice, and generosity."

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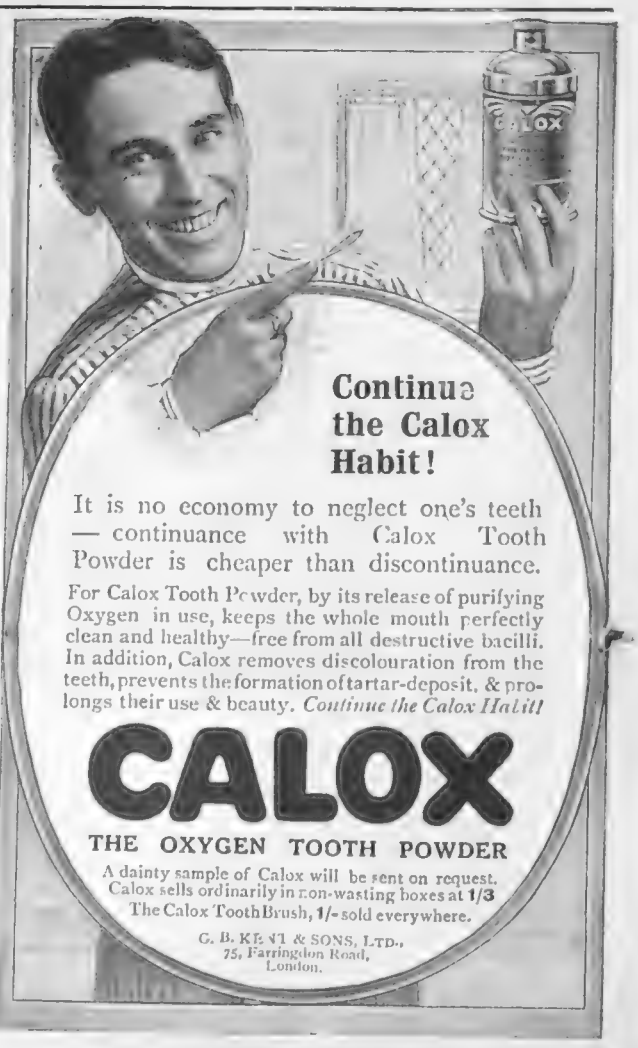

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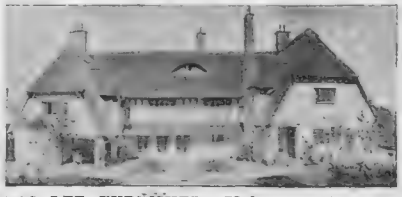

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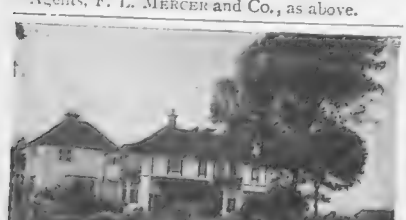

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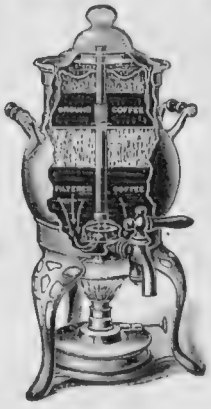

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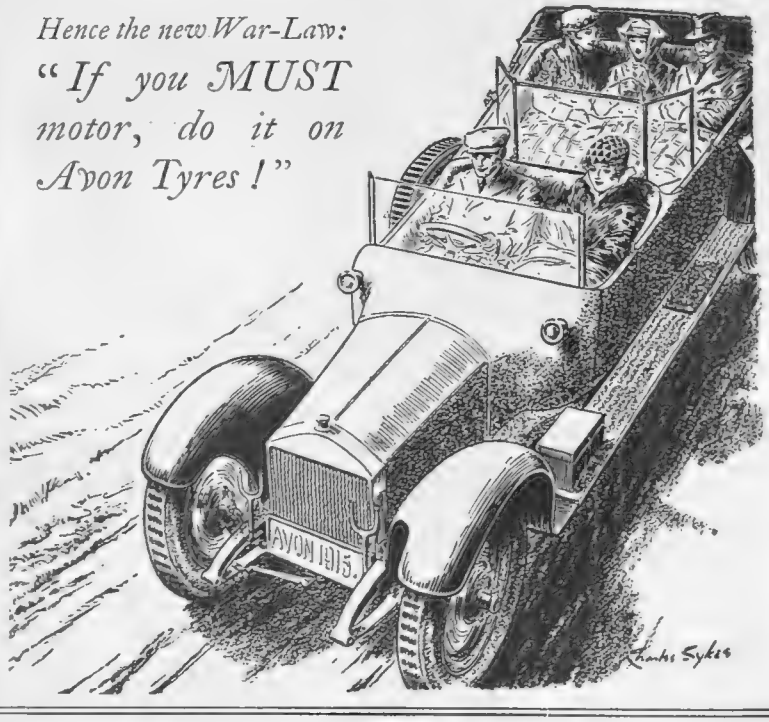

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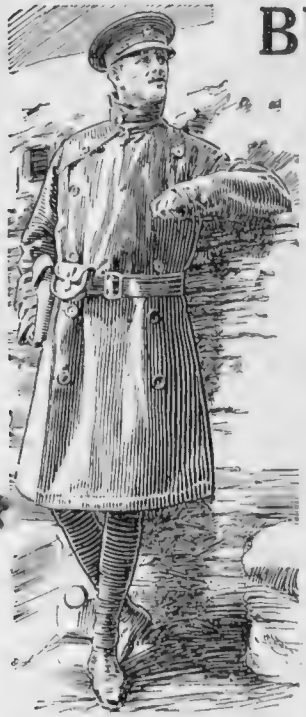

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ALLEN-BROWN'S

CATALOGUE OF BRITISH

XMAS GIFTS.

20 pages fully illus. WRITE FOR A COPY post free.

OLD SUSSEX LAVENDER WATER

Distilled from Lavender and Roses grown in our own gardens.

Bottles **4/6** & **7/6**. Small Pocket Bottles, **1/3**

SWEET LAVENDER.

The Misses Allen-Brown have a quantity of Home-grown Lavender, cleaned from stalks and dried, which they will be pleased to supply for any purpose connected with the war at much reduced rate of **1/3** per pint, post free.

PAPIER VIOLETTE.

Suitable for the purse or handbag.

After shopping, motoring, or any exercise, a leaf torn out and gently rubbed over the face and hands removes all dust and dirt and imparts a delicate fragrance. **1/-.**

Charming Toilet Requisites for Gentlemen—

ENGLISH VIOLET SHAVING SOAP.
In bowl complete **1/4**, or carton **1/1**

also

ENGLISH VIOLET SHAVING CREAM.
In tubes, **1/2.**

ENGLISH VIOLET BRILLIANTINE.
In tubes, **1/1.**

BATH BOWLS.
Filled with **English Violet Soap**, with Brush complete, **8/9** each.

ENGLISH VIOLET PERFUME

Has an indescribable fragrance.

Bottles **10/6, 5/3, 2/9** and **1/9.**

ALL GOODS SENT POST FREE.

Special War Discount of 2s. in the £ on orders of 20/- or over.

The MISSES ALLEN-BROWN,

Violet Nurseries, HENFIELD, SUSSEX.

"IONA"
SCOTCH
WHISKY

is the result of almost a century's experience in the art of whisky blending, and its delicate flavour and delightful bouquet is evidence of the high-class malts from which it is distilled.

The whiskies in its composition are of great age, and immense reserves ensure that "Iona" will not deviate one particle from the outstanding qualities which have for so long distinguished it.

If you have not tasted "Iona" you have not realised the perfection of Scotch Whisky.

"Iona" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock he can get it for you.

It is worth while insisting on "Iona."

G. & J. Maclachlan, Ltd.,

Auchentoshan Distillery, N.B. Glasgow. Established 1820.

"From California's Sun-kissed Vineyards."

THE rich soil of California grows the finest grapes. That is why "Big Tree" Hock and Moselle, the pure products of fine, full California Grapes, are to-day taking their position as first for quality and flavour.

"BIG TREE"
CALIFORNIA
HOCK & MOSELLE

Colonel —— writes: "'Big Tree' Hock No. 7 is equal to the finest German Wine I have ever tasted."

	Per doz. bots.	Per 2 doz. half-bots.
"Big Tree" Hock, No. 8	21/-	24/-
" " " 7	31/-	34/-
" " Moselle " 9	23/-	26/-

Of all Wine Merchants and Hotels

Shipped and Bottled by
Grierson, Oldham & Co., Ltd.
9, Regent Street, London, S.W.

Arrangements can be made for orders to be executed under bond for Officers at the Front.

BY APPOINTMENTS TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING & QUEEN

TOM SMITH'S

CRACKERS

CAUTION! SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME ON EVERY BOX.

SHOP EARLY FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY AND OTHERS.

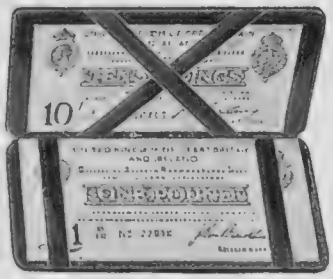
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
DRAPERS AND FURNISHERS
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

It is a NATIONAL DUTY to help in every way you possibly can.

HARRODS

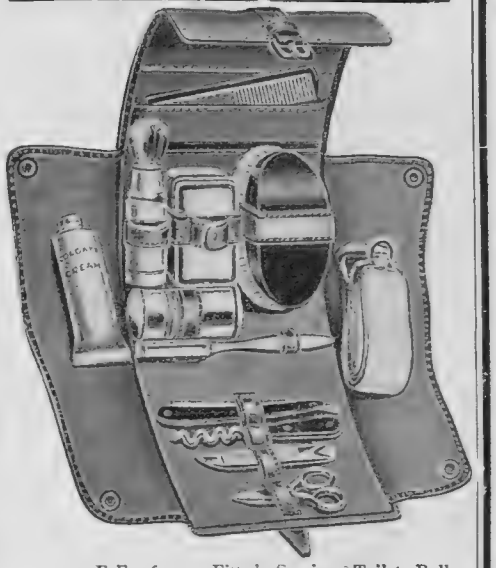
Christmas PRESENTS from The FANCY LEATHER Dept. (Ground Floor)

F F 3471. New-shape Bag, in silk faille, lined repp, inner division, mirror and puff. **15/9** Black, Brown or Blue.



F F 1674. The New "Mystic" Case, for carrying the new 10/- and £1 Treasury notes. Seal Persian, **1/3**; Pigskin, **2/9** and **3/6**; Morocco, **2/9** and **3/6**; Moire Silk, **2/-** and **3/9**

Superior qualities, with silver gilt corners and mounts. Pigskin, from **6/6** Fine Seal, from **8/6** Morocco, from **4/6**.



F F 1691. Fitted Service Toilet Roll, very compact. Size closed, 6½ x 5 x 2 ins. Waterproof canvas, **28/6**. Pigskin, lined waterproof canvas, **35/6**.

HARRODS LTD. CLOSE AT 5 O'CLOCK.
(RICHARD BURBIDGE MANAGING DIRECTOR) **LONDON, S.W.**

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'THE BEST'!

There is no Underwear made that *looks* better, *wears* better or *is* better than the high class All-British

PESCO UNDERWEAR

Made from the best wool in the World, by the World's best woollen workers it is the best Underwear the World produces and never fails to give in wear the all round satisfaction that those who buy the best expect

Ask for 'PESCO' from your Draper or Hosier. It is on sale everywhere and is obtainable in every Underwear shape, size, and texture, for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE.

In case of difficulty, write us for names of nearest Agents:

THE PESCO CO.,
Dept. 35, Hawick, Roxburgh.

Cb

PESCO

Wear your Wrist Watch in Safety!

Every Officer and Private needs a Wrist Watch to ensure accuracy in manœuvres, etc.—but there's always danger unless you wear your watch in the ARMY PROTECTOR: —danger through the glint on the glass attracting bullets; danger from splinters of breaking glass; and always great danger of smashing the watch.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives perfect Safety to any wrist watch. Prevents breakage and minimises risk to the wearer.

The ARMY Wrist Watch Protector is a well-made metal Case which clasps under and over your wrist watch. It enables your watch to be worn even *without* a glass.

Nickel or Khaki Finish, **1/6**; Leather Covered, **2/6**; Solid Silver from **6/6**. Also in Solid Gold. In all sizes to fit any watch.

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths' Cutlers, &c.

If unable to obtain from your Jeweller send stamps or Postal orders direct to

Sales Manager,
Waltham Buildings,
29, Church Street,
LIVERPOOL.

Dr PIERRE'S

(of the Paris Faculty of Medicine). Est. 70 Years.

THE LEADING DENTIFRICE OF FRANCE.

TOOTH-PASTE (Rose) in TUBES.
ECONOMICAL in use.
GIVES an INCOMPARABLE WHITENESS to the TEETH.
ANTISEPTIC, containing neither Acid nor Grit.

PURIFIES and PERFUMES the Mouth.

Price **10d.** per Tube, also in Pots, **1/-** & **2/-**

Sold in STERILISED ENAMELLED TUBES by all Stores and Chemists.

Samples 2d. post paid.

Depot: R.B., 203, Regent St., LONDON, W.

HARVEY NICHOLS

& Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.

Coatees and Guimpes

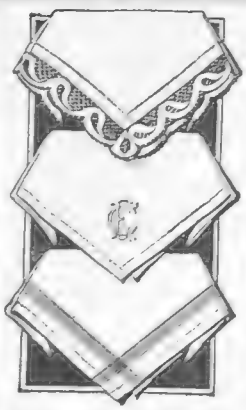
make Acceptable & Useful Gifts for Xmas Presents. Large variety in stock

Z122—Inexpensive All-Black Ninon Coatee, lined net, all sizes stocked. **27/6**

Similar Coatees in pretty floral ninons, from **29/6**

Z127—The latest Guimpe with sleeves, back of plain net, specially designed for wearing under transparent gown.

In ivory, **9/11** In black, **11/9**



Always Acceptable

gifts are Robinson & Cleaver's Irish Linen Handkerchiefs. Made from pure flax yarns, they give exceptionally long and satisfactory wear. Many of them may still be obtained at pre-war prices.

No. 4 (*as top illus.*).—Ladies' sheer Linen Lace Edged Handkerchiefs, measuring about 11½ inches. Per Dozen, **6/11**

No. 40 (*as centre illus.*).—Ladies' Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered ½-inch monogram in any two letter combination, measuring about 13 inches with 3-16 inch hem. Per Dozen, **7/9**

No. 36 (*as bottom illus.*).—Ladies' sheer Linen Corded Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 inches. Per Dozen, **4/11**

Send for our List, in which is included a good range of Khaki Handkerchiefs from 1/11¼ and upwards.

Price List and Cuttings sent free on request.

Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.

LONDON, 44T, Donegall Place LIVERPOOL, BELFAST

PERMANENT COAL.

Remarkable Invention: An inexpensive, unbreakable Appliance suitable to all coal grates, which saves scuttles upon scuttles of coal. Bids fair to revolutionise all existing ideas of coal consumption. Costs only 3/-, or 3/9 post free.

NO ALTERATION IN APPEARANCE OF FIRE.

No Treatment of Fuel. No Special Installation, Renewal or Alteration. No Trouble or Recurring Expense.

The Incandescent Fire Mantle is a device of special design and composition, fully protected by Patent, which is simply placed in the centre of any grate. It scientifically utilises the heat energy created by the combustion of coal, which, instead of flying up the chimney, as is the case with the larger portion of such energy in ordinary grates, is made to bring the mantle to incandescent heat. Thus there lies in the centre of the fire an enormously hot mass, throwing out more heat than coal alone can give, yet absolutely unburnable, and as good at the end of twelve months as it is the first day. The appearance of the fire is in no way altered, the mantle is completely covered by the surrounding coal, and its presence cannot be detected. NO INSTALLATION, ALTERATION, or SPECIAL TREATMENT OF THE FUEL OR THE GRATE IS NECESSARY. There is no recurring expenditure of any kind; when once you have purchased the fire mantle at its modest price of 3s. you can enjoy for ever a beautifully bright and hot fire at an enormous saving of coal. The mantle is placed into the grate with exactly as much—and no more—trouble than it is to put on a lump of coal. It requires no attention or care of any kind.

REMARKABLE TEST FIGURES.

As the result of a recent strictly supervised test upon modern grates it was found that the average consumption of coal per grate in the ordinary grate (eight grates were experimented upon in this particular test) was 34 lb. of coal for a period of eleven hours. On the following day one of the new fire mantles was placed in each of these same grates, and the coal consumption per grate for a period of twelve hours was then found to have been reduced to 19 lb. 3 oz., whilst the heat was greater.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The universal success of the Incandescent Fire Mantle has already led to several imitations being offered to the public. In some cases even the wording and the general arrangement of the advertisements of the Incandescent Fire Mantle Syndicate are so closely followed that it seems necessary to insist upon this point in order to prevent confusion between the genuine, thoroughly tested Incandescent Fire Mantle and other devices. The Incandescent Fire Mantle is made of special Metal-Alloy which makes it unbreakable. It does not interfere with the ordinary laying of the fire, and does not prevent poking the fire. It is constructed on strictly scientific lines, and produces its great money-saving effect by more complete combustion of the coal and by generating far greater heat for any given quantity of fuel. Ironmongers and Stores are now competing with each other to obtain supplies large enough to deal with the ever-growing public demand, and Repeat orders pouring in daily in steadily increasing numbers prove best that those who have tried this remarkably clever invention are anxious to provide every grate in the house with one of these mantles.

SAVES ITS COST IN A FEW DAYS.

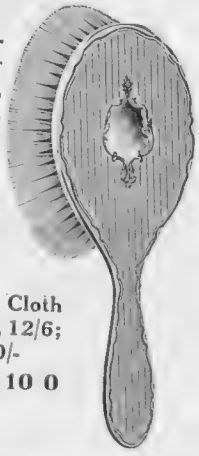
The price of the Incandescent Fire Mantle is 3s. (3s. 9d. post free), which small sum is saved back in a few days. The mantle lasts for an indefinite time, and can be used in grates of any size, pattern, or construction. On account of the proportionate saving in postage, two mantles can be despatched post free to any address in the Kingdom on receipt of 7s., three for 10s., six for 18s., and twelve for 35s. At this time of enforced economy and with the additional danger of the present high coal prices rising still further, the great saving effected by the Incandescent Fire Mantle should not be neglected. Orders, unless obtainable locally through good-class stores or ironmongers, should be sent direct with remittances to the Incandescent Fire Mantle Syndicate, Dept. 247, 9, Station Parade, Queen's Road, Peckham, London, S.E. Orders despatched immediately on receipt.

Dickins & Jones

USEFUL & ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Bags, Leather and Silk, Photo Frames, &c. Elegant British-made Jewellery, Mounted in Silver and Gold, Reproductions of the Finest Gem Work.

EARLY SHOPPING IS ALWAYS ADVANTAGEOUS.



By. 164. **Sterling Silver Hair Brush,** engine turned, shield for monogram. Best Bristles. **22/6**

Mirror, 35/6; Cloth or Hat Brush, 12/6; Comb, 10/-
Set of six, **£5 10 0**

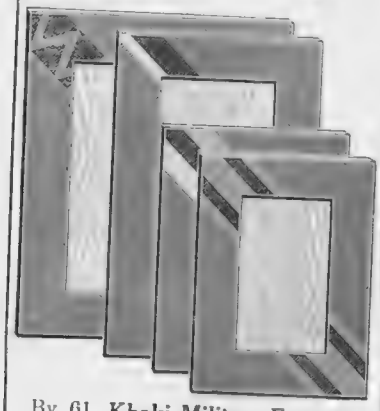
By. 116. **Pearl and Paste Bar Brooch.** Finest workmanship. **18/6**

By. 115. **Dainty Gold Brooch,** set real turquoise **25/-**

By. 162. **Solid Silver and Tortoiseshell Hair Brush,** inlaid silver wreath. **37/6**

Mirror, 57/6; Cloth or Hat Brush, 21/-; Comb, 21/-
Set of six, **£9 10 0**

By. 44. **Campaign Toilet Kit,** containing collapsible rubber basin, 2 towels, face cloths, hair brush, comb, tooth brush, Colgate's paste, soap. Packs flat into khaki waterproof case - - **21/-**



By. 61. **Khaki Military Frames,** mounted with real regimental ribbons. Four sizes:

P.C.	Cab.	Panel.	Imperial.
2/6	**2/6**	**3/6**	**4/6**

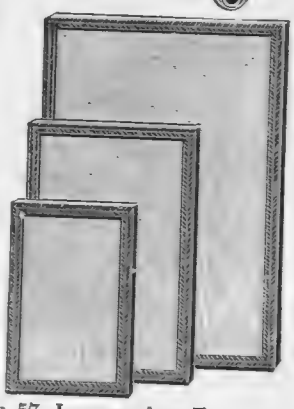
SMART NECKWEAR.

By. 88. **Dainty Neckband** of moiré ribbon, with paste motif. **1/11**

By. 89. **Velvet and Paste Neckband** - **1/11**

By. 90. **Black Moire Neckband,** with paste motif. Favourite design. **2/6**

By. 91. **Newest Neckwear** of black moiré, with dainty bow and paste motif. **3/11**



By. 57. **Inexpensive Frame,** of polished inlaid wood, very neat design, strong 3-ply back and strut. Eight useful sizes:

P.C.	Cab.	7×5	Boud.
1/9	**1/9**	**2/6**	**2/6**
8½×6½	8×5	10×8	11×7½
2/11	**2/11**	**3/9**	**3/9**

By. 16. **Smart Bag,** of fine corded silk, lined champagne silk, with centre division, hanging mirror, and puff case. 7½ in. deep × 7 in. wide. **21/-**

By. 97. **Coloured Bead Necklet,** in excellent imitation of coral, amethyst, chalcedony, lapis, carnelian. **10/6**

By. 13. **Elegant Bag,** of new faille silk, ornamented with the daintiest of marquisite buckles, lined rich corded silk, with hanging mirror and puff case. Size 7×6½ in. wide. **29/6**

CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE.

DICKINS & JONES, Ltd., REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD.

all £2 2 0 each.

The Royal Army Medical Corps. The Lancashire Fusiliers.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

One price only £2 2 0 each. The best value obtainable.

The Royal Artillery.

The Durham Light Infantry. The Royal Irish Regiment.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches

Money returned in full if not approved.

The Royal Navy. (Gold or Silver Anchor.)

BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT TO ORDER

£2 2 0 each.

The Leinster Regiment. The East Surrey Regiment.

Special Designs and Estimates submitted for Regimental Badge Brooches, set with Diamonds and other Gems, from £6 6 0 to £25 0 0

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, most agreeable to take

FOR

CONSTIPATION

Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD (Corner of Castle Street), LONDON, S.E.

Sold by all Chemists, 2/6 a box.

An offer of New Life to all who are

Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down.'

You can't go on suffering from Weakness, Anæmia, Nerves, Indigestion, or that 'Run-down' feeling—life is not worth living when you suffer so. Yet you need suffer no longer, because 'Wincarnis' offers you the new health you need. 'Wincarnis' possesses a four-fold power for good—[illegible] Restorative, a Blood Maker, and a Nerve [illegible]. Therefore it [illegible] new strength, new blood, new nerve force, and [illegible] life. That is why over 10,000 doctors recommend it.

WINCARNIS

is the one thing you need if you are Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' or 'Run-down.' Begin to get well—FREE.

Send three penny stamps for postage for a liberal trial bottle.

COLEMAN & Co. Ltd., W291, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

H. A. BEAL

THE

NEW FULL SKIRT

In NAVY, CREAM, BLACK AND COLOURED SERGES, NEW TWEEDS and RAIN-PROOFED TWILLS.

10/9

In Ready-to-Wear Sizes.

Waist	23	24	25	26	27
Length	34	36	38	40	42

Into the Waist—not Corselet.

Or Made to Own Measures, Corselet if desired 1/6 extra.

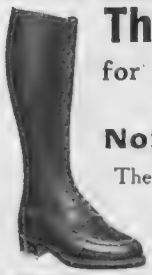
Out Patch Pocket 6d. extra.

The Skirts are only sent to order on receipt of P.O.

Patterns by return.

135

287, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.



The Best Boots

for Active Service are

FAULKNER'S

Norwegian Boots.

The Easiest, Most Waterproof Wear-resisting Boots made.

Booklet and Self-measurement apparatus free on application.

Faulkner & Son

BOOTMAKERS · ESTABLISHED · 1871

SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS,

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DYEING and FRENCH CLEANING

BY THE

GARDNER PROCESS

BLOUSES from 1/3

DRESSES „ 3/6

GENTS' SUITS 4/6

Carriage Paid one way.

Wm. GARDNER & Co. Ltd.

PAISLEY, N.B.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

Exterminated by "LIVERPOOL" VIRUS

RATS

No Danger to Animals. NO SMELL.

In Tins baited for Rats 2/6 & 6/-; for Mice 1/6.

Of all chemists, or for particulars: Dept. G.

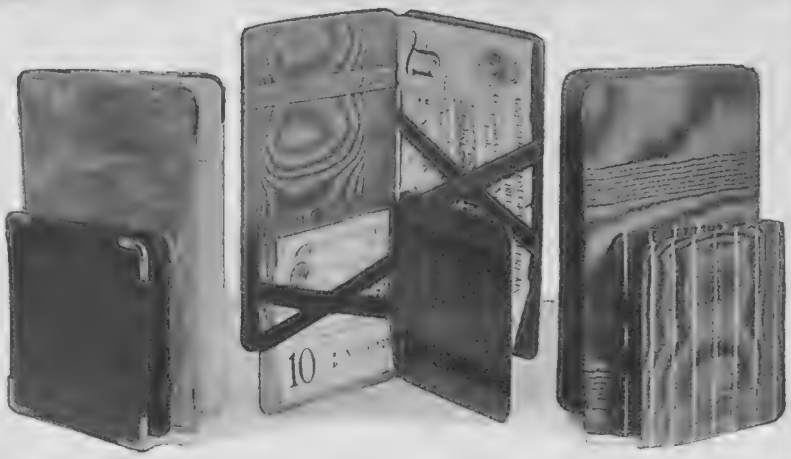
EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.

56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

USEFUL GIFTS FOR YOUR FRIENDS AT HOME & ABROAD

The Original Pattern Treasury Note Cases for £1 and 10s. Notes. Made in all Leathers. Best Quality only.

BEST MOIRE, LINED MOIRE.
Large Size, 4/6. Small Size, 3/-
"SILVER-MOLE" CALF, LINED SILK.
Large Size, 7/6. Small Size, 4/6.
"GREY-MOLE" CALF, LINED SILK.
Large Size, 7/6. Small Size, 4/6.
PIGSKIN, LINED SILK.
Large, 6/6. Small, 4/-
FINE GRAIN SEAL, LINED SILK.
Large Size, 8/6. Small Size, 6/6.
BLACK & WHITE STRIPED MOIRE, LINED TO MATCH.
Large Size, 7/6. Small Size, 5/6.
POLISHED CROSS-GRAIN, LINED SILK (Black, Navy, Violet).
Large Size, 4/6. Small Size, 3/-.
With 8 Silver-Gilt Corners, 3/- extra on any case.



SOLID SILVER, Small Size, 2Is.

THE PATENT SERVICE POUCH

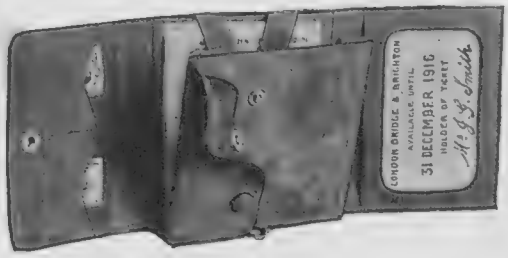
SQUARE SHAPE
LINED WITH FINEST PURE RUBBER.

Patent No. 9608.

No. B 0417

	1½ oz.	2 oz.
Real Pigskin	7/6	8/6
Silver-Mole or Grey-Mole	8/6	9/6
	3 oz.	
Real Pigskin		9/6
Silver or Grey-Mole		10/6

THE "BOTHA" NOTE CASE FOR £1 AND 10s. NOTES, SEASON TICKET, CARDS, AND STAMPS, AND POCKET FOR PAPERS.



Size when closed, 3¾ in. by 3½ in.

Silver-Mole Calf	12/6
Grey-Mole Calf	12/6
Real Pigskin	10/6

REGIMENTAL FRAMES, WITH COLOURS AND BUTTON OF ANY REGIMENT.

KHAKI DRILL.

Cabinet	8/6
Boudoir	9/6
Imperial, 8in. by 6in.	10/6

KHAKI MOLE CALF.

Cabinet	12/6
Boudoir	14/6
Imperial, 8in. by 6in.	15/6

DARK PIGSKIN.

Cabinet	12/6
Boudoir	14/6
Imperial, 8in. by 6in.	15/6

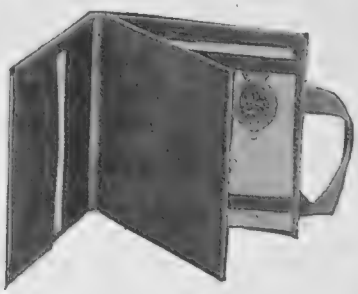
DARK BROWN ANTIQUE.

Cabinet	8/6
Boudoir	9/6
Imperial, 8in. by 6in.	10/6

With any Bronze Badge in place of Button, 2/- extra.

Packing and Postage, 4d.

NEW THREE-FOLD TREASURY NOTE CASE, WITH STIFF SIDES AND ELASTIC BAND. POCKET FOR CARDS.



Size, 3¼ in. by 3⅜ in.

Silver-Mole Calf	9/6
Real Pigskin	8/6

MAKER OF THE "RED BOSS" STYLOGRAPH PEN (SHORT OR LONG) 3/6 EACH.

BOSWELL HENSMAN, 91, Regent St., London, W

TELEPHONE—REGENT 3730.

"THE GRAPHIC" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1915.

NOW ON SALE.

FACSIMILE OF COVER.

This number not only maintains the high standard of all "Graphic" publications, but surpasses any previous issue. Full, from the first page to the last, of beautiful coloured and monochrome pictures and excellent stories, with a cover which we think one of the finest of a long line of famous covers.

"The Graphic" Christmas Number

is one to be purchased not only for the family at home, but for sending to the brave lads at the front.

Price One Shilling

POST FREE **throughout the World,** One Shilling and Fourpence.

"THE SOLDIER AT SACRAMENT."

(A Photogravure. From the Royal Academy Picture by W. H. Y. Titcomb)

Please order from your Newsagent or

THE PUBLISHER, TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

WE invite you to visit 'Starland' and see the many unusual British Toys made by—

LORD ROBERTS' MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS
BRITISH VILLAGE INDUSTRIES
and
MANY BRITISH FIRMS.
SEE
THE EXHIBIT OF
THE MAYFAIR
FLOWER WORKERS.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
OXFORD STREET
LONDON
W

IF you, too, would be beautiful, it can be accomplished, should you so desire, in the privacy of your own home. The "Cyclax" Home Treatments can be easily applied by yourself with an assurance of complete success.

She Tells Her Secret

"My dear, it's simply because I keep my skin in perfect condition by using 'Cyclax' Preparations. They're wonderful."

Why not apply this secret to your own personal advantage? You will share it with Royalty and numberless beautiful women in Society and on the Stage. For already *they* have proved that "Cyclax" Preparations create and preserve by *natural means* the exquisite loveliness of youth.

It is interesting that "Cyclax" Preparations represent in reality the private formulæ of Mrs. Hemming, who, as every Society woman knows, has an international reputation as the most successful beauty consultant of the day. For HOME TREATMENT, the following are recommended.

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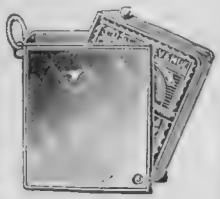

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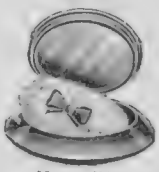

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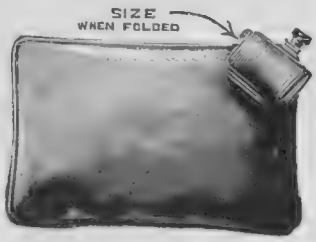

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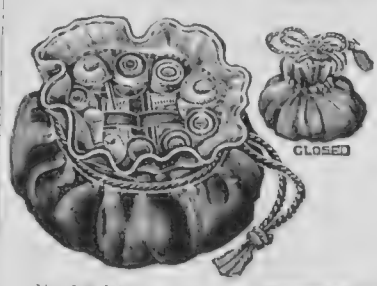

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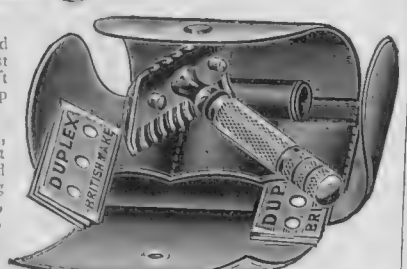

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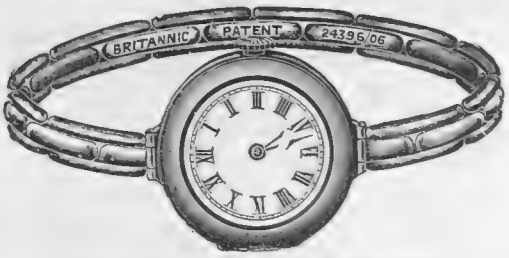

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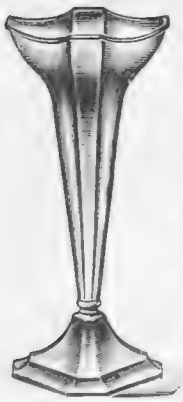

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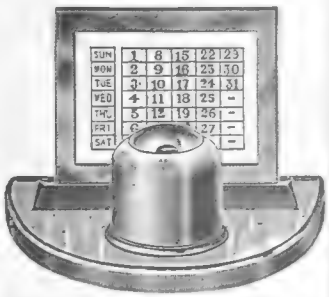

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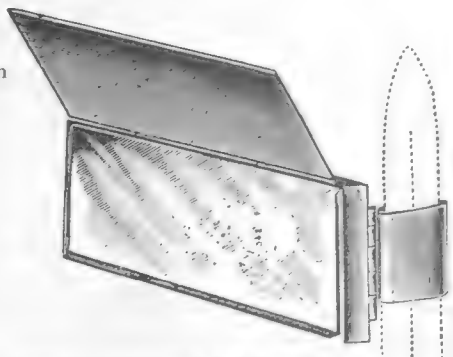

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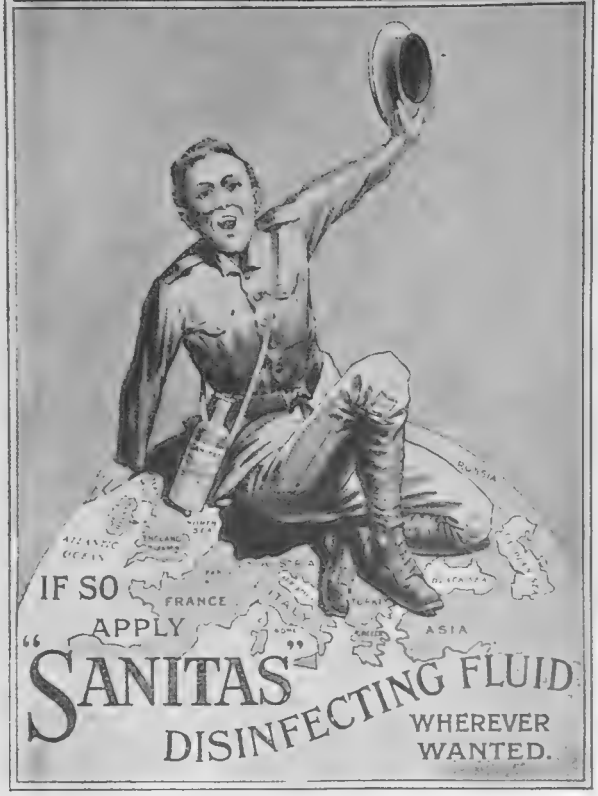

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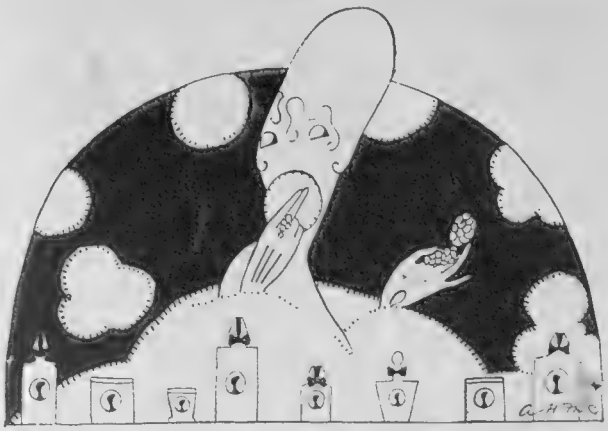

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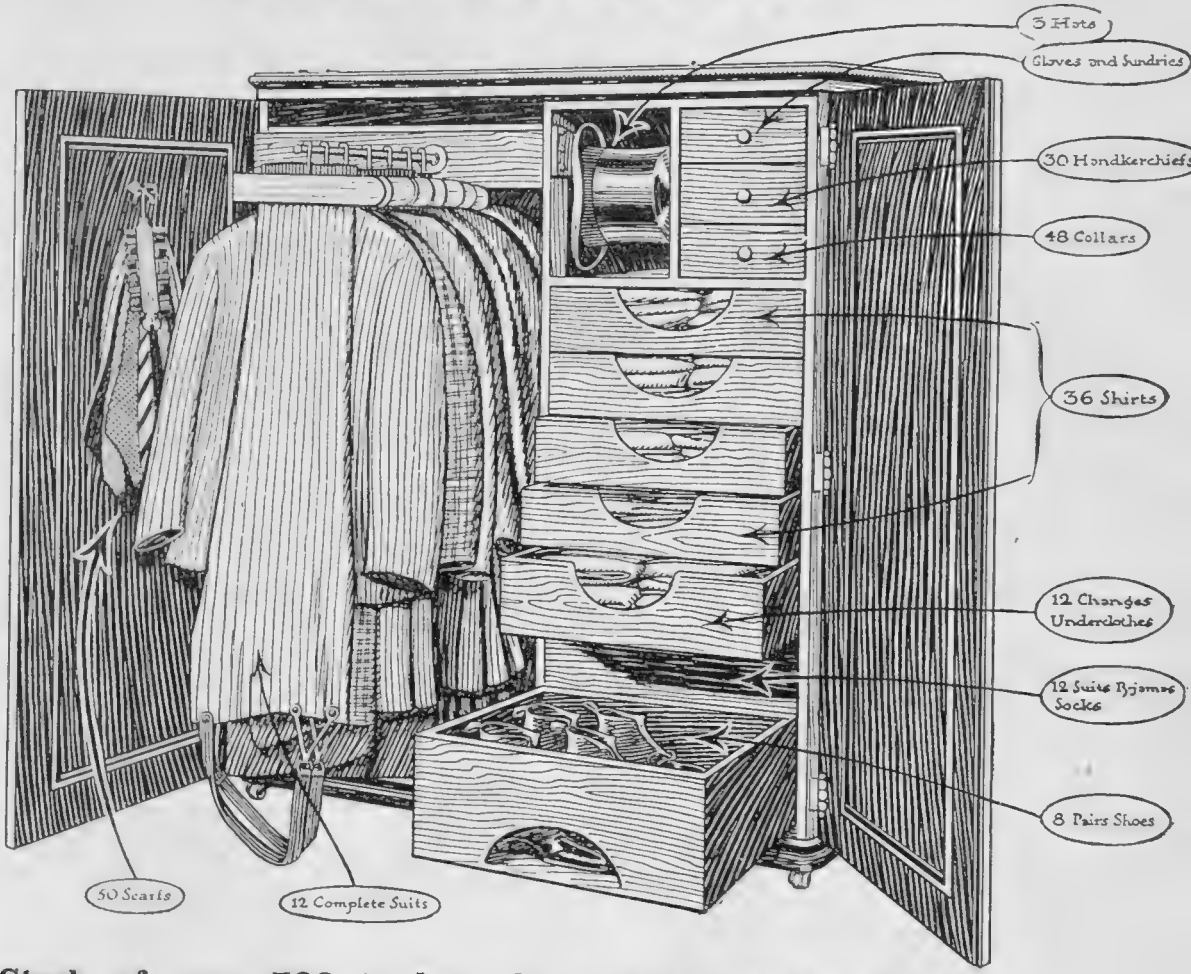

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The dainty dancer, who is appearing in the Christmas pantomime, "Puss in Boots," at Drury Lane Theatre

Mr. Beecham's Christmas Box

AN UP-TO-DATE GIFT FOR MUSIC-LOVERS

I MAY be wrong, but I cannot help regarding the Philharmonic Concerts as a kind of Christmas-box given by Mr. Beecham to musicians of advanced tastes. Think of them so far—one whole concert devoted to Stravinski, Borodine, and Balakrew; another to Korsakoff and Balfour-Gardiner, with just a dash of Mozart and Mendelssohn for the weaker brethren. Anyhow, no stuffy Beethoven Number 5 or Brahms Number anything. What a gift for the up-to-date! How expensive! How glorious—especially by contrast with what we find in our other musical Christmas stockings!

For, temporarily at any rate, those of us who like adventure in our music are having a boring time. There is too much adventure flying about in Serbia, Gallipoli, and Flanders for any to be spared for the æsthetic interests of life. Intellectually and musically we are hibernating, only, as I hope, to become ten times more vigorous when the springtime of Peace comes round once again. But being a chrysalis or a sleep-bound squirrel is awfully dull, and the fleeting dreams of last summer which Mr. Beecham sends us once in a while are indescribably pleasant.

Seriously speaking, English music owes a very great debt to Mr. Beecham. It is an open secret that he has, in many cases, come to the rescue at just the right time and saved us from many a disaster. Quite honestly, I do not believe that without him we should, during this horrible war, have heard practically any music written since 1880—and precious little written at any time. When one listened the other day to the extremely modern work of Balfour-Gardiner called "Fantasy," when one revelled in the shimmering colour of the orchestration, in the mere beauty of sound of a typically contemporary musical composition, it would have been difficult for any lover of the moderns to express adequately his gratitude to the concert-giver. It was all so *different*—that was the real point.

The musical Bystander has never hesitated to criticise Mr. Beecham. But it gives him peculiar pleasure to remember now that he was one of the very few critics to support Mr. Beecham through thick and thin at those first enterprising concerts of his at the Queen's Hall many years ago. Mr. Beecham was not the fashion then—it was long before his operatic adventures—and the musical Bystander was very youthful. But his early enthusiasm—it can hardly be called judgment—was right. Mr. Beecham has more than "made good." Despite natural defects of temperament he stands out to-day as the most important personage in English musical life. Above all, he is the only English conductor who has anything "Dionysiac" about him. That is why he is so excellent an interpretor of Berlioz and the Russian masters of rhythm.

Mr. Beecham has given us a very big Christmas present; we are giving him a very little one. Hence this article.

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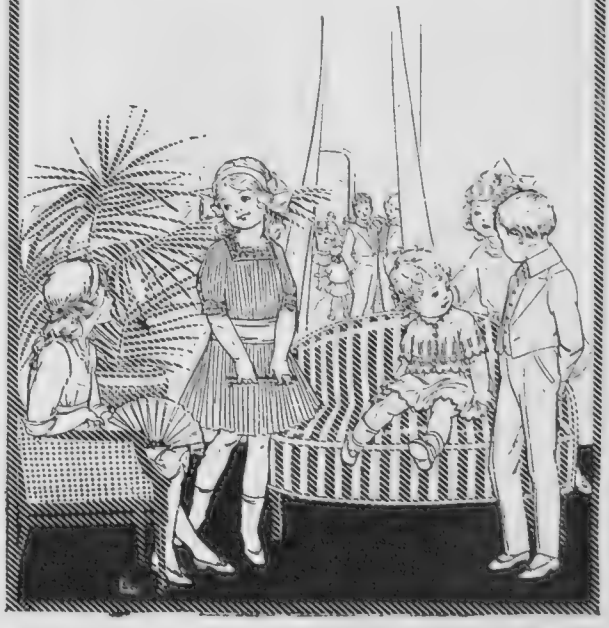

"IN ENGLAND—NOW" (*A Christmas letter from "Blanche" concluded from page 304*)

Seems to have settled down into the mud for the winter, the finished soldier-man whose address is in Flanders, now. And that reminds me, an officer writes that if there's one thing more than another our men want badly out there it's "Tommy's Cookers"—you know the things, small stoves with compressed spirit inside them. Wood to light fires doesn't, he says, grow in many trenches, and mud up to your knees makes the worst tea taste good as long as it's hot. So a Cooker's a veritable godsend.

* * *

And I want a lot. So if you know of any nice kind people who really want to give the men something they really do want, tell them to send as many as they like—or the money—along to me, or I'll let them have the address of an officer who'll distribute them. It's a very cheap present, only a shilling or less, and I think you can get them, or, anyway, something just as good, at most of the big stores and places.

* * *

Some of the dug-outs, so this soldier-man says, leak like glory, and the language thus called forth is both numerous and inspired. Only an otter could live in some of them. And they tell me it's quite a horrid wrench sometimes, when you've struck a dry one, to give the rum a rest and pass on to your own little artesian well. "There's one thing, and only one, which I think you'd like in our mess dug-out, Blanche, and that's the fireplace.

* * *

"It's built after the Tudor style, except that in the days of Bluff King Hal they didn't use biscuit tins for chimney pots. When we first made it, one very rainy day made the top subside, with the result that the smoke had to leave the fireplace by way of the dug-out door, till we had time to put it right. It's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good, though.

* * *

"On its way it blackened the oak beam that held up the sandbags, and generally gave the *tout ensemble* a rather pleasant antique appearance. My sword hangs over the fireplace in lieu of a stag's head or a breastplate. As we use it for toasting only we find that the handiest place for it."

* * *

Talking about dug-outs—another kind—they say that's what the P.M.'s so busy over at the W.O. just now, clearing out all the old Colonels and things who tottered into it and cut up their chest-protectors into red tabs when the war started, under the old management.

* * *

And apropos of khaki, 'course we all knew Winston was pining to get into the *mode* of the moment, Quite right, too, don't you think, at only forty, and with lots of money in the family? Better dead than not in the movement, anyway. And it must have been simply dreadfully dull for the son of the Randolph Churchills having nothing to do but pay the P. of W. his screw.

* * *

Parliament's getting up next week or soon after, by the way, I suppose, for a two months' Christmas holiday after all its arduous labours. Wouldn't you like to be an M.P.? So restful.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

P.S.—I got those naval papers. It was sweet of them to send them. They're very nice. But, oh! so *terribly* masculine.

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SOME LETTERS OF COMPLAINT TO THE PRESS IN 1935 ON THE THREATENED OUTBREAK OF PEACE

Down With Peace

[*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER]

LONDON, *May* 1, 1935.

SIR,—This morning's news as to the threatened outbreak of Peace affect so many men in the same position as myself so seriously that I venture to beg for space in your valuable paper to protest in the strongest possible manner against such a calamity to the country. I am just twenty years of age, having been born in the first year of the war which is now threatened with such an untimely end. Peace is an unknown thing to me and thousands like me. Born during a good healthy time of war, I have been brought up, educated, have lived, slept, played, and worked in an atmosphere of profound war. My earliest toys were war toys, my school days were spent for the most part in the study of drill and tactics. My pastimes have consisted of the different phases of the war game. I have been brought up in the conviction that all civilian work was only indulged in by the weaklings and degenerates, and was despised and looked down upon with scorn, and occasionally pity, by my womenkind. Does the Government which is about to plunge this beloved country into a world-wide Peace struggle realise the awful upheaval in the everyday life of every fit man that such a calamity will bring? Am I to throw away in an hour all the teaching and training acquired at great expense and by hard study during the whole of my life-time? Am I to change my views on everything at a moment's notice and adopt the hitherto contemptible methods of existence? To smile on the pastimes and the professions I have been taught to loathe?

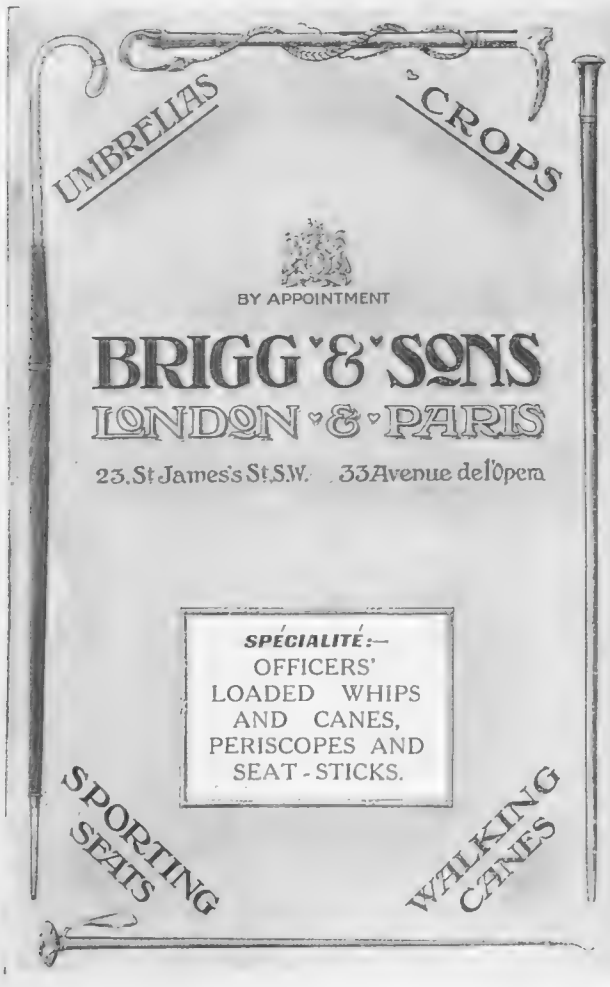
No, Sir. And this is not only my answer, but the answer of every able-bodied man in the Empire. Let the Government dare to interrupt the normal state of militarism, and I wager there will be such an outcry of public opinion that this country has never seen.

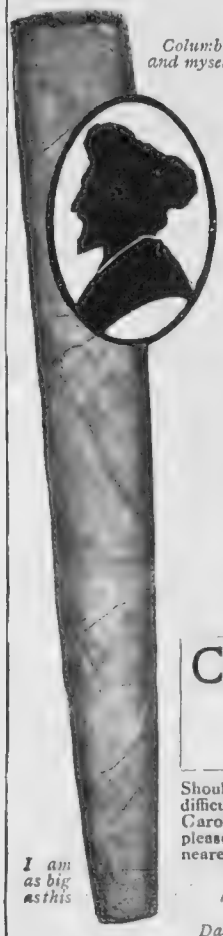
Yours truly, THOMAS KILLYER (Lieut.).

Permanent War Arenas

SIR,—Now that the outbreak of Peace seems inevitable, do you not think that it is high time that the Government took immediate steps to do something for the thousands of men who will now be confronted with a state of affairs absolutely foreign to their past existence? I refer to the men who have spent their lives in military activity and are now too old to start new lives in keeping with the threatened Peace. Why not utilise the White City or the Crystal Palace and make these places permanent war arenas, where the men referred to could spend their

(*Continued on page* xxxvi)





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Telephone—GERRARD 3782. Also PARIS & NEW YORK.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER (*concluded from page* xxxiv)

old age in warfare until such time as the casualties would bring the scheme to its natural conclusion? The grey hairs of these heroes would thus be properly respected, and all of them would be enabled to end their days warfully.—Yours truly, B. F. EVERSLAY.

What Shall We Do With Our Boys?

SIR,—May I beg space to protest against the state of Peace with which this country is threatened by a weak-kneed Government? I have six sons in the Army. My husband and I have educated them expensively and brought them up to the view that the only path in life for a decently bred man is a military one. We have been able, by dint of hard work, to get them one and all off our hands, and comfortably placed in Flanders and the Dardanelles. And now, when we are contemplating settling down to the quiet enjoyment of our well-earned solitude, we are suddenly confronted with the prospect of having them thrust upon our hands again. We have done our duty nobly and provided six sons for our country, and now we are told by a grandmotherly Government that the country doesn't want them. What, Sir, may I ask is to become of them? Have we to recommence cooking, feeding, and washing for them again at our time of life, or are we to take the only alternative open to us of thrusting dishonour on them and ourselves by forcing them to a life of civilian effeminacy?

Yours respectfully, MOTHER OF SIX.

Residential Problems

SIR,—I wonder if it has ever struck those thoughtless clamourers for Peace what untold misery such a state would mean for thousands of our countrymen. No one with relatives in Flanders can view the possibility of Peace without alarm. Imagine the feelings of a man used to living in the ruined farmhouses and half-destroyed dug-outs of Belgium and France suddenly condemned to spend the rest of his days in a properly furnished villa complete with four walls. If Peace cannot at this eleventh hour be averted, then surely it is somebody's business to provide for the necessities of these our countrymen? Why not, with the aid of a few well-placed bombs and high explosive shells, reduce to well-ordered ruin, say, Tooting and Balham districts, and thus provide suitable dwellings for the men now robbed of their firing-line homes?

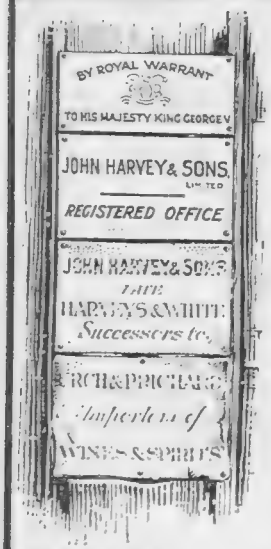
Yours very truly, F. DOWNEM.

The Spinster's Grievance

SIR,—As one of the many hundreds of plain middle-aged spinsters, allow me to protest most emphatically against the suggested Peace. For many years now I, in common with so many other women, have been in the enjoyment of a well-earned notoriety. No matter what our appearance, we have been able to become members of guilds and associations for the knitting of unnecessary garments for our soldiers and sailors. We have been enabled to invent and wear uniforms which have had the effect of reducing the dangerously attractive members of our sex to our own standard of appearance. If this wicked idea of Peace materialise we, who have during the past twenty years come into our own, will be shelved and thrown back into the oblivion which prevailed in the dark days before the dawn of war.

Yours truly, SUSIE'S MAIDEN AUNT.

A. S. A.



Ancestral Door-plates

still to be seen on the historic gateway leading to the cellars of John Harvey and Sons, Limited, Bristol.

Style of the Firm:—

1796 William Perry.
1816 Perry & Urch.
1825 Urch & Prichard.
1839 Urch, Prichard, & Harvey.
1842 Harvey & White.
1871 John Harvey & Sons.
1893 John Harvey & Sons, Ltd.

Mr. Thomas Urch was the great great Uncle of the present Directors.

Among the many noted Wines and Spirits of this world-renowned firm are the following:—

HARVEY'S "HUNTING PORT"
A fine old Tawny Port, always in brilliant condition and ready for immediate use. Per 42/- doz. Sample bottle, 3/6 post free.

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The World-Famous Old Golden Sherry.
Per 80/- doz. Sample half-bottle, 3/6 post free.

HARVEY'S "SHOOTING SHERRY"
Per 42/- doz. Sample bottle, 3/6 post free.

The "19th HOLE" Scotch Whisky.
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The Trade Mark shown at side is the recognised guarantee all over the world of consistently High Quality and value.
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JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.,
Naval and Military Wine Merchants,
Founded 1796. BRISTOL.

J H & S
BRISTOL
REG^D BRAND

Best Wishes!

Gillette Standard Set

The original Gillette Set that introduced the modern way of shaving—no stropping—no honing—known the world over. Contains Triple Silver-plated Razor; Blade boxes with 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges). The whole contained in Morocco Grain Case,

21/-

TIMES are changing. There is a new spirit in Christmas giving. Less spending for mere spending's sake. More thoughtful choice of gifts—for *men*, Gillette Safety Razors in place of fads and fripperies. The Gillette is a practical, efficient gift—shows a care for his comfort and service, and a fine sense of *quality*. Get *him* one.

Shop early! The nearer to Christmas the greater the rush at the Gillette counters. Get your Christmas Gillettes to-day. Prices from One Guinea to £10. BRITISH MADE. Write for illustrated Catalogue, showing many different styles, post free. Mention "Bystander."

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Military Badge Brooches

ANY REGIMENTAL DESIGN—
PERFECTLY MODELLED.

Price on application.

Large Selection in Diamonds, and Gold and Enamel.

Sketches sent for approval.

25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

And 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

FOR ECONOMY EAT

St IVEL CHEESE

It provides an excellent substitute for meat. Nourishing and delicious. No rind, no waste, and—

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

1d. each. From Grocers and Dairymen.

LUCE'S EAU-DE COLOGNE BRITISH & BEST

ESTD JERSEY A·D 1837

Beware of imitation Jersey Brands. Insist on having LUCE'S.

OF ALL STORES, CHEMISTS, AND PERFUMERS.

7½d., 1/3, 2/6, 5/-, &c., per bottle.

RADIUM v. GREY HAIR.

The Cavendish

RADIUM HAIR RESTORER

(NOT A DYE.) THE FINEST HAIR RESTORER IN THE WORLD.

A Genuine Radium Restorer that will bring back to grey or faded hair the colour that it possessed at 20 years of age; will also keep the scalp quite free from scurf, and, like all my Radium preparations, its efficacy is guaranteed - - - - - PRICE 7/10

RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR GROWER. Unparalleled for producing abundant, glossy hair - - - - - - - PRICE 5/10

HELEN CAVENDISH, 120, New Bond Street. MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ARMY AND NAVY STORES, HARRODS, BARKERS, SELFRIDGES, Etc.

Before paying 8d. for tobacco try

7d.

per oz. Medium and full. Mild 7½d.

You can send Bond of Union duty free to your friend at the Front. Order from your tobacconist.

Bond of Union. You will find Bond of Union *at least* equal in quality to any more expensive mixture.

The e are certain choice kinds of tobacco-lea' which yield an essentially cool, slow smoke. To make Bond of Union, these are cured by a sp cial process, which ensures perfect development of the true flavour of each individual kind of leaf.

And a pipe of Bond of Union lasts half as long again as a pipe of ordinary mixture. Will you give it a trial?

Bond of Union is as silky on the palate as a fine old wine. It is supremely delicate in aroma, suave yet intense in flavour, incomparably cool.

Bond of Union

NEVER BITES THE TONGUE.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

Helpful Advice to Nursing Mothers

MANY mothers would like to feed their own children, but are denied the privilege of doing so, because they have not sufficient nourishment for them. The 'Allenburys' scientific system of Infant Feeding has provided for all this. When a mother is partly able to feed her baby she may give **The 'Allenburys' Milk Food No. 1** for alternate feeds, so alike are the natural and prepared food in this instance, and this food should be continued until the weaning process has been entirely completed. The mother herself must be well nourished, and to this end may partake freely of the **'Allenburys' DIET** a partially pre-digested milk and wheaten food, which like the Milk Food No. 1, is instantly made ready for use by simply adding *boiling water only*. After childbirth the **'Allenburys' DIET** is surprisingly helpful in maintaining the strength and producing a good flow of rich milk.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

The "Allenburys" FOODS
For Infants.

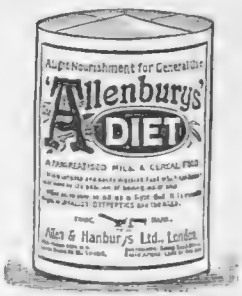
Milk Food No. 1. From birth to 3 months. Tins 1/6 and 3/- each.

Milk Food No. 2 From 3 to 6 months. Tins 1/6, 3/- each

Malted Food No. 3. 6 months upwards In Tins at 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 5/- and 10/- each

The 'Allenburys' Feeder.
The Simplest and Best Feeding Bottle on the Market. Easily cleansed by flushing the tap. In box complete, 1/3.

The "Allenburys" DIET
For Nursing Mothers.



For Nursing Mothers, Invalids Dyspeptics, and the Aged

The DIET is quite distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants. In Tins at 1/6, 3/-, 6/- each

The 'Allenburys' Rusks (Malted)
From 10 months upwards. In Tins at 1/6 and 2/9 each.

Write for a large-sized **Free Sample** *of Food stating age of child and whether Weaned or Unweaned. Also for* **free book "Infant Feeding and Management" 64** *pages of valuable information for every mother.*

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London.

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Mother and Child. Baby 6½ months.

Fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods.

LIBERTY'S PENDENT BACK RESTS FOR INVALIDS

CONVERT THE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE CHAIR INTO A RESTFUL LOUNGE

COVERED IN SILK BROCADE IN A CHOICE OF RICH COLOURINGS

10/6

BOOK OF OTHER DESIGNS FROM 5/11 POST FREE

LIBERTY & Co. REGENT ST. LONDON

CONVENIENT MODERN COTTAGE, near Fareham, to be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD. War prices. 6 bedrooms, 3 sitting, kitchen; garage and all modern conveniences.

Tennis lawn and good garden.

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"Daily Graphic" Photographs For Sale

Well-finished Bromide Enlargements of most of the Photographs in the "Daily Graphic" can be obtained at the following prices:—

6 inches	by	4 inches	...	1/-
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Glossy or Matt Finished, and Mounted Free if Desired.

Apply, enclosing Remittance, to the Manager, Graphic Photo Union, Tallis House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

Fashions Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Shop Early

THIS is a text I would see illuminated and set up in a prominent position in every household. It is not precisely new, for prior to every Christmas the same plea has gone forth. But this year a very special interest attaches to it, in that for many and obvious reasons all the shops are closing early, a magnificent example being set by large and representative emporiums, which naturally stand to lose most by the procedure.

After the sun has set London is not quite the ideal place it was, thanks to darkened streets, diminished methods of getting about, and the like. All the same, it might be worse, a reflection that sends one's thoughts direct to our quiet watching Fleet, which is enabling us to get practically all we require—sometimes at a price, it is true—but, after all, the getting is the point.

Furs as Usual

Which reminds me that furriers are doing extraordinarily well, the business far surpassing their expectations. So somebody must have money to spend. Personally, I have a suspicion, which may, of course, be all wrong, that it comes from the North, where they are making khaki serges for our soldiers and sailors, and velveteens and similar fabrics for our *élégantes*. Furs certainly are not home products, but on the other hand we are indebted to our Colonies for a large number. I saw a clever list made out the other day of where the various furs came from, and note that, thanks to our Allies, the Russians, as well as to our overseas Dominions, there is really no need to apprehend a scarcity of peltry.

Natural opossum is a fur, comparatively speaking moderately priced, that has come very much to the fore this season. In its finer qualities the markings are really quite good, ranging from a delicate chinchilla-grey to almost black in the centre. For the fashioning of one of the exceedingly high collar bands into the depths of which a wearer can bury her face up to the nose, opossum is wonderfully effective, and is much to be seen on both black and the favourite deep green cloth coats. Of course, one would not for choice select opossum before skunk, but skunk commands a price to-day, and the economy pose frequently pauses before such expenditure.

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR AN EVENING FROCK

Of black net with ceinture of soft yellow chiffon velvet, the skirt being caught half-way down by a frill of gold lace surmounted by a narrow band of fur. Specially sketched for "The Bystander" by Dorothy Millar and more fully described on this page

Evening Frock of Black Net

A particular attraction attaches to the original design pictured of a black net model, which is worn with a soft yellow chiffon velvet *ceinture*, held up over the shoulders by straps of the same. The draperies of *tulle* are of the lightest possible character, mere wisps, while the skirt midway down is caught by a narrow band of fur heading a frill of gold lace, to which the velvet *ceinture* is toned as nearly as possible. Smart little black Cothurne shoes are worn to give a note of distinction to this *toilette*.

A Trio of Hats

The centre figure in the illustration on p. xl wears a set comprising muff, hat, and collar of stone-coloured *faille* trimmed with fitch. The fur, of course, claims exclusive possession of the throat,

(*Continued on page* xl)

FASHIONS' FANCIES (*concluded from page* xxxix)

but the *chic* little toque and long barrel-shaped muff share their favours, while all three carry a dull crimson rose as a relieving note of colour.

At the top there is depicted a small and very piquant toque of *tête de nègre* velvet, the folds of the crown drawn into a bunch, from whence issue a pair of bizarre wings in tone. The third affair suggests a compromise between the already wearisome topper and a cavalier. This is carried out in velours, a soft wrinkled band of silk passing through a great square dull gilt buckle. The style seems singularly apropos to the high-up-and-down collar of its wearer's coat.

A TRIO OF HATS

Specially designed to conform with the trend of outline at present in vogue. They are described in detail in the adjacent paragraph

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Restaurant Dress

One dines at restaurants now and again, and there is no mistaking the return to favour of the semi-*décolleté* gown worn with a hat rather large and picturesque for choice; nor yet of the feeling for sleeves of very clear black Chantilly lace. Practically all these gowns are black. Now and again some intrepid spirit essays a vivid colour, but one feels the effort is out of place. Black over white, or even champagne, is always charming, although it frequently requires management and a touch to impart just the individuality required to bring about the particular *cachet*, lacking which these models are invariably a failure. A dear little gown destined for restaurant wear was composed of chiffon velvet, black, of course, and seemed to melt—there is no other description—into a corsage of black Chantilly that finished in a high square at the neck, and had extremely long, rather loose sleeves of the lace that, after being drawn into the wrist, floated out in *volants* over the hands.

Another most effective material for these restaurant gowns is black satin striped silk, allied with *tulle*. A *jupe* with sort of draped wings at the side is extraordinarily charming worn with a *tulle* bodice having wing sleeves that almost touch the hem of the skirt.

MAYZONE

THE FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Will restore your hair to its natural condition.

MAYZONE as a substitute for Eau de Cologne should be used in the sick room. It is cool and refreshing, and does not make the hair grey, but on the contrary invigorates it to new growth. In bottles (oily and non-oily), post free, **2/9** and **4/10**

MAYZONE DE LUXE

AN ULTRA REFINED PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.

This excellent hair tonic and restorative is based on the old recipe, but contains several new and expensive ingredients.

In bottles (oily and non-oily), large size, **7/6.**

"MAYZONE" Co., ROCK FERRY, CHESHIRE.
LONDON DEPOT: 48, BROOK STREET, W.

The Night's Sweetest Perfume

—that exquisite fragrance which reigns supreme in the dim silence of the English garden, when summer's here—is given to you, in all its natural beauty, by Zenobia

Night-Scented Stock

This Perfume was originated by Zenobia, Ltd.; so also was the lovely

Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom

Each of these is sold at **2/9, 3/11, 5/6** & **11/6.**

Zenobia Lily of the Valley

This also is a great favourite among all Ladies who love delicate perfumes. Prices **2/3, 3/11, 6/9** and **11/6** per bottle.

ZENOBIA

TRUE FLOWER PERFUMES

Zenobia Eau de Cologne is admitted to be unequalled. Its exquisite, enduring fragrance charms the most fastidious sense. Prices **1/3, 2/6** & **5/-** per bottle.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores.

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BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised Silver Serpent, £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent, £6 10 0

Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch. £4 10 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set Diamonds, £5 10 0
*Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3.10.0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.

The "AURORA"

A WATCH BY DAY—A CLOCK BY NIGHT

This is a strong gun-metal cased Lever Watch with whole figures and hands coated with Luminous Radium Compound (the illumination being absolutely permanent), and tells the time as well by day as by night. Cased in a handsome leather cabinet, velvet lined, with a strong bull's-eye lens which magnifies the dial of watch to double the size, making an ideal and absolutely silent bedroom or carriage clock. The watch can be carried in the pocket by day and fitted into cabinet at night.

Price complete, 40/6, post free; Colonial Post, 41/6
Watch only, 30/6, " " " 32/-
Solid Silver, 60/6, " " " 61/6

Guaranteed and money back if dissatisfied.

Write for fully descriptive List (Luminous Clocks and Watches), "The Story of Radium."

WAITE & SON, Radium Clock Experts,
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.
Established nearly a Century. Bankers: Lloyds Bank.

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Royal Letters Patent.
Unobtainable Elsewhere.

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day or evening wear.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

SIMPLE MORNING FROCK OF BLACK SANTOY. NECK AND WRIST RUFFLES OF IVORY NET WITH TOUCHES OF VELVET RIBBONS.

7½ Gns.

DAINTY LAYETTE

BARRI
72, Baker Street, London, W.

CORSETS
BELTS

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

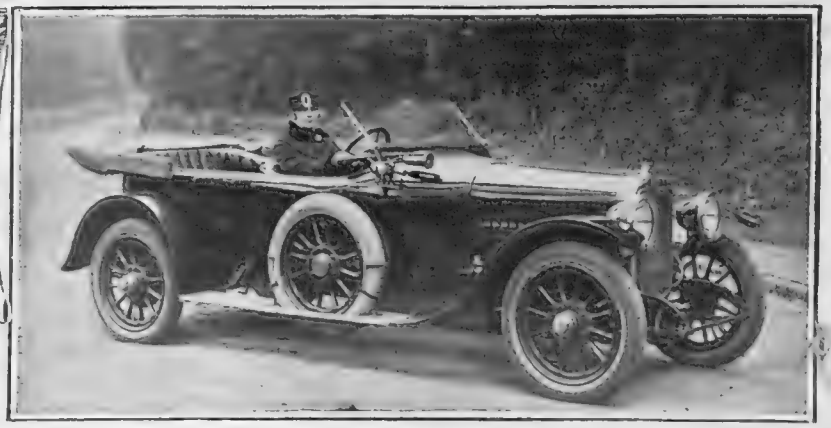
HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

A Motorist's Christmas Memories

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY



MRS. LOUIS COATALEN

At the wheel of her 16 h.p. Sunbeam car. As befits the wife of the joint managing director of the Sunbeam Company, Mrs. Coatalen is a very enthusiastic motorist, and thinks that no other car can hold a candle to her own

Casting Back

BECAUSE this is the Christmas Number, the second of the war, which is the worst of settings for jollity and peace and goodwill, memories and hopes must be our mainstay if we are, just for one issue, to get away from the fierceness of immediate affairs. And so I cast back to a time when a genial soul named Daniel Weigel made a brief scintillation in the world of motoring affairs, even as the immortal Pennington before him. Pennington's great discovery was a long mingling spark which was a certain cure for all ignition troubles, and was, we gathered, so potent that all future designers had to do was to ensure this particular order of spark and then hang a machine around it. Weigel's idea had, so far as I remember, to do with the carburettor float chamber. It was simple like all other great ideas, except that it wasn't great; but it was about the only notable variation from the general design and particular detail of another and much more famous car. I do not know how many of these Weigels were made. That is a small matter. If there had been only one its maker would have talked with the same splendid opulence of his output. One gathered that the Panhards, De Dions, Napiers, Daimlers, and the rest were back-numbers—very far back.

***

"Some" Exhaust Bursters

I remember two Weigels. One was an eight cylinder, the cylinders set processionally. It made a dinky two-seater, but the distance between the driving-seat and front dumb iron suggested it wanted a look-out man on the radiator to signal the course to the man at the wheel. I believe it was one of the first eight cylinders made; and as there was no law against the cut-out, the driver had only to open his exhaust in Piccadilly and he could have cleared a cab-rank with great efficiency—cabs being then mainly horse-hauled. For that matter so could a single-cylindered machine, particularly when it happened to be the famous Lion Peugeot, one of the ultra-long-strokers. The silencer on a barker of that type had, I should imagine, to be armour plated, steel riveted, and girder braced. The

(*Continued on page* xliv)

IF anybody considers that the Arrol-Johnston Car will not 'come back' after the war—well, just watch for a surprise on *all* points.

IT has been definitely settled in the Arrol-Johnston shops that aero engine gauges and inspectorship can be most successfully applied to moderate-priced car engines. And it takes an expert to understand just what *that* means.

Dunlop: "About time you fitted a Steel-studded Non-skid isn't it?"

Driver: "What, on the front wheel sir?"

Dunlop: "Certainly, front and back, one Steel-studded and one Grooved cover on each pair of wheels."

Driver: "What's the idea?"

Dunlop: "To prevent a front as well as a rear skid, and to be prepared for all weathers. A Steel-studded cover grips where an all-rubber tread doesn't, and vice-versa. It is much the best all-round plan. Try it."

DUNLOP

RUBBER CO., LIMITED.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,
Aston Cross, Birmingham.
LONDON: 14, Regent Street, S.W.
PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

TRADE MARK.

MOTORING (*continued from page* xlii)

Jackson single cylinder was another healthy roarer; but its engine was small, and one of the screams of Brooklands was when the Jackson turned out with a bonnet big enough to cover a modern eight-cylindered engine. The wee power plant inside looked a very small parched pea in a very large frying-pan.

* * *

On Thawing Out

The other Weigel (to get back again) was a "four" of 40 h.p., and undoubtedly it could "hop it"—at any rate, while it did hop. But as we had only reached Guildford when she broke a spring and nearly broke our necks (a fate we might fairly have deserved for driving all out—which was nearer sixty than forty); we had no very great opportunity of testing it. With the spring, the steering went awry, and we went with it, pulling up with about one-eighth of an inch between us and a very (potentially) sticky finish. That, incidentally, is a near-Christmas memory of a time before wind-screens and other luxuries; and rushing without facial protection against a bitter wind on a day of heavy frost so froze up my jaw muscles that I had to call for my fire-water by signs.

QUITE IN THEIR ELEMENT

Two Napier cars near the summit of the famous Aprica Pass in the Dolomite Alps. The car on the left is one of the 30-35 h.p. 6 cylinder Napiers which have earned for themselves the proud title of "conquerors of the Alps"; the other is a 20 h.p. extra strong Colonial Napier, which has likewise stood many a searching test. Incidentally, the photo. is interesting as showing the extraordinarily difficult nature of the terrain on the Italo-Austrian battle-front

* * *

A Really Jolly Time

The stimulating joy of thawing out one's face suggests that if anyone wants to have a really jolly time he has only to wait for a bitter day, engage a first-class racing driver, a very fast chassis bare except for an egg box seat not too securely lashed in position, and then have about 100 miles all out around Brooklands with himself hanging on by the eyebrows. For that 100 miles he will be like an East-struck Kipling soldier, and won't heed nothing else. Afterwards he may reflect upon how much worse off he might have been as an army or naval aviator driving at a higher speed from, on the whole, a far more insecure seat, at an altitude of 5,000 feet or more, in an atmosphere ever so much colder, over an area bristling with enemy guns having an effective range of 18,000 feet. I remember after we had botched up our Weigel spring, we came back, struck a fog of the old-fashioned "London particular" sort before Kingston, and took it in turns to walk in front of the car for the next six or seven miles. Which is another jolly Christmas experience—in retrospect.

* * *

A Soulful Hope

As for my hopes, I can have but one, and I share it with you. It is for a swift and conclusive peace on *our* terms, the safe

(Continued on page xlvi*)*

SUNBEAM

Under the Red Cross

Sunbeam Ambulances are doing magnificent work in the transport of wounded—witness this tribute from the front:—

"The drivers are loud in their praise of Sunbeam Cars. They never have trouble with them, and have many chances to compare other well-known makes of cars out here. The cars have fearful roads to face—with large shell holes added, and yet the cars give no trouble; they are so reliable in an emergency and run so smoothly. Many a wounded man has praised the comfortable journey down from the trenches, the cars being so well sprung."

"Autocar," October 9, 1915.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Works: Wolverhampton. Manchester: 112, Deansgate.
Agents for London & District: J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.

The British Made

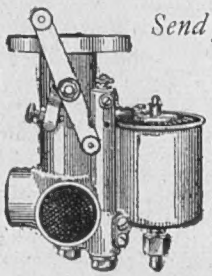
ZENITH

PATENT AUTOMATIC CARBURETTER

saves the Petrol Tax by reducing consumption. 400,000 motorists testify to this, and to the Zenith capacity for starting up on the coldest day.

Fit a Zenith and save the Petrol Tax

Send for Booklet No. 10.



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40-42 Newman Street, London . . . . W.
Telephone: Regent 4812-4813.

Ladies learn to drive

1. The Courses embrace just WHAT LADIES NEED TO LEARN.
2. The FEES ARE the LOWEST in London.
3. You continue to learn WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE until you are proficient and satisfied.
4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
5. Training for ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB CERTIFICATES our speciality.
6. Licensed Employment Bureau FREE for all PUPILS who require same.

at the

British School of Motoring Limited

Call or Write B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

C.A.V. Car Lighting

Frensham Ponds Hotel, Surrey. The only light used when the photo was taken was that from a pair of C.A.V. Headlamps on the car.

"Take the DAYLIGHT with you."

"The C.A.V. Lights make night driving safer than daylight. The greatest distance one ever wants to see can be seen. All obstructions are thrown up more distinctly, and in addition the steady beams serve as a perpetual warning of the car's approach."—Extract from *The Motor*.

Motorists are invited to write for literature of the C.A.V. Simple, Safe and Certain System.

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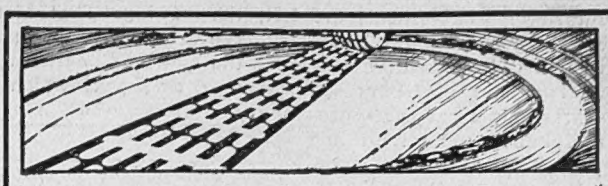
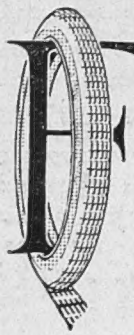


BE RID OF THE SKID



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MOTORING (*concluded from page* xliv)

return of what friends are left, the speedy resumption of industry, the revival of the creative arts, and the final pounding of all swords into ploughshares, motor-car parts, or some other useful and productive thing.

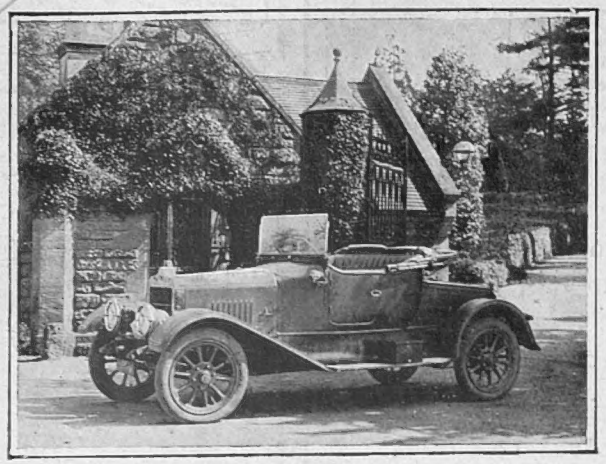
* * *

"Nobody's Children"

The Commercial Motor Campaign Comforts Fund for the mechanical transport columns of the A.S.C. can do with as many contributions as you can send along or influence. There are 60,000 men dependent almost wholly upon this fund, which has Princess Arthur of Connaught for patroness. The A.S.C. is a National Corps. It has no territorial connections in the town or country sense. "Nobody's Children" the men are called for this reason. They should be regarded as everybody's children. The mechanical transport section should certainly be the motorists' concern. Send along all there is to send to E. S. Shrapnell-Smith, Hon. Secretary, at 7, Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.

Things That Matter

Received an illustration of a Goodrich tyre that had survived a shock which flattened out the rim; quite a notable little bit of testimony to the quality that has made the Goodrich name famous in motoring circles all around the world.—When thinking in terms of motoring economy and how to attain it, think also of the Zenith carburettor and whether it cannot help to save the petrol tax.—Mr. Harry Smith, of the Rover Company, and President of the Cycle and Motor Trades Benevolent Fund, sends out an eloquent appeal for funds for what is certainly the most deserving and helpful charity in cycle-or-motor-dom. Responses, which I trust will be many, to Mr. A. J. Wilson, General Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, at 154, Clerkenwell Road.—Mr. Chas. Jarrott has been unanimously elected to fill the vacancy of vice-chairman of the Automobile Association, caused by the retirement of Sir Archibald Macdonald. A most excellent choice.—A simple and most accurately effective tyre pressure gauge has recently been issued by the Dunlop Company. It may properly be included among the absolutely indispensable accessories of the well-equipped motorist.



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HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

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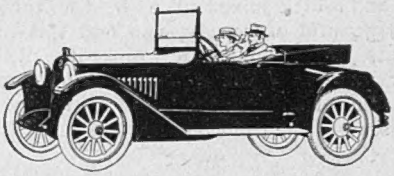

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The Menu: Preparations for Christmas

ALTHOUGH fruit, like everything else during the war, has gone up in price, every English household must have a Christmas Pudding, but to-day, when eggs are so very expensive, it is necessary to be as careful as possible to try and obtain good results with fewer in the pudding. The secret of success is in the boiling, and the longer a Christmas pudding is allowed to boil the richer it will be. I am giving one or two recipes without any eggs, and hope my readers will find them satisfactory.

Christmas Plum Pudding (Rich)
Cheap Christmas Pudding
A Poor Man's Plum Pudding
Another Inexpensive Pudding
Almond Sauce
Brandy Sauce

Christmas Plum Pudding (Rich)

Mix together ½ lb. of finely chopped suet, 5 oz. of bread-crumbs, 3 oz. of fine sifted flour, 6 oz. of currants, ¾ lb. of stoned and halved raisins, 6 oz. of mixed candied peel, 1 oz. of chopped sweet almonds, 4 oz. of Demerara sugar, half the grated rind and juice of a lemon, half a grated nutmeg, and a little mixed spice; beat up three eggs with a dessertspoonful of brandy, and add this to the other ingredients, with enough milk to mix it well. Boil eight hours or more in a well-greased mould. Pour a little brandy, rum, or kirsch round, and set it alight just as it is being sent to the dinner-table, and serve with almond sauce.

Cheap Christmas Pudding

Half a pound of finely chopped suet, ¾ lb. of raisins and currants, ½ lb. each of flour, brown sugar, potatoes, and carrots, one nutmeg, 2 oz. of candied peel, a little salt and cinnamon. Grate the potatoes and carrots raw, and add them last. It is an improvement to use half flour and half breadcrumbs. This quantity makes two large puddings, which must be steamed nine hours.

A Poor Man's Plum Pudding

Mix together ¼ lb. of flour, ¼ lb. of suet, ¼ lb. of bread-crumbs, ¼ lb. of currants, ¼ lb. of sultanas, ¼ lb. of candied lemon peel, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Moisten with a little milk, and add enough treacle to make a nice brown. Boil for two hours. This recipe makes a delicious pudding.

Another Inexpensive Pudding

Six spoonfuls of flour, ½ lb. of beef suet, ½ lb. of currants, one large spoonful of sugar, one large carrot to be boiled and mashed finely and mixed with the above ingredients, and the pudding to be boiled five hours. No milk or eggs are to be used in mixing the pudding. Serve with sweet sauce.

An Almond Sauce for Plum Pudding

Beat up into a basin 2 oz. of fresh butter, and add to it 1 oz. of castor sugar, sixteen bitter almonds which have been blanched and pounded fine, and half a wineglass of brandy, to be all well beaten together until it looks like clotted cream.

Brandy Sauce for Plum Pudding

Take a ¼ lb. of very fresh butter, beat it to a cream, add 2½ oz. of crushed loaf sugar, a glass of sherry and a small glass of brandy; mix all together. The spirit must be added but a little at a time.

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